

# NEW YORK Saturday Evening Herald

## A HOME WEEKLY

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### THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

To every weary heart, God's promises  
Are sweet with comfort, and, 'mid earth's alarms,  
The Christian soul, in times of trouble, sees  
Beneath his own the Everlasting Arms.

When weary grows the heart, and long the road,  
And thorns and brambles hedge our pathways in,  
Then God's own arms beneath the heavy load,  
Will help us bear the burden of our sin.

Oh heart, take courage, and be strong to bear  
Life's burdens, while you drain each bitter cup.  
Thou canst not fall, for in thy father's care  
The Everlasting Arms will bear thee up.

Oh promise sweet! Oh promise fraught with peace!  
The way may seem beset with wild alarms,  
But I remember, and my fears all cease,  
Beneath me are the Everlasting Arms.

### Lady Helen's Vow ;

OR,

### THE MOTHER'S SECRET.

A Romance of Love and Honor.

BY THE LATE MRS. E. F. ELLET.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### AT THE CASTLE.

HILDA made her way to the spot, two-thirds down the rocks, where the revenue-officer had fallen. Standing on a broad ledge, she disengaged his dress from the boughs, and lifted up his head. He was quite insensible.

With all her prodigious strength, she could barely manage to drag him along the ledge to the bushes where the path leading upward began; a blind, zigzag way, perilous to tread even in daylight, and much more so in darkness, bordered with the body of a wounded or dying man. She could not carry him up, but she made a soft bed of leaves, and laid him down, covering him with her shawl, and bathing his head and face with water that trickled from a crevice at hand.

Presently a faint moan came from the sufferer, and he moved his arm slightly.

With another effort he raised himself on his elbow, opening his eyes.

"Where am I?" he asked.

Hilda explained that he had fallen from the top of the cliff, and was sorely bruised; but would be better if he would remain quiet and not attempt to rise.

"Who are you? It is a woman's voice. How came you here to help me?"

"I saw you fall, and ran down the path. You might have been killed, but the branches of a tree broke your fall on the ledge yonder."

"I know; I remember now. A man came up behind and grappled me, and pushed me off."

"You must not talk so," said the woman, shuddering. "Your foot slipped while you were looking through the telescope."

"Not so; some one clutched me to throw me down. I saw the man—"

"You saw him?" shrieked Hilda, a cold sweat of terror starting out on her face. "For mercy's sake, man, speak! Who could do such a deed?"

"Nay, I know not his name; but I should know him again if I saw him."

"You would know him again?"

"I would surely know him. If you saw me fall, woman, you must have seen him, too!"

"No—no—no!" vehemently exclaimed she. "I charge no man with such a crime. It would have been murder."

Hilda's motive in succoring the officer was to save her master. It would be believed he meant to kill the man; Kenneth would be sent to prison; in case of the injured man's death, it might bring him to the scaffold!

"Don't trouble yourself with such thoughts, man!" she went on, earnestly. "Lie you there, while I go for some one to help carry ye further."

"And a cup of liquor, dame, an you please. I feel very faint."

Hilda muttered to herself as she ran up the ascent. But for the necessity of shielding her chief, she would have left the injured man to his fate.

"If he can be got to the hawthorn—the hollow in the rock with a stane like a blue whinstone, he'll be hid frae them that seek him."

She shuddered again.

"They say there's a bluid-stain there, though the water runs o'er it, and has done the same for years bygone. Eugh! but it's cauld, and the north wind whistles among the bracken."

The barking of a dog was heard. Hilda stopped and whistled.

The next moment a huge animal bounded toward her, leaped up, and greeted her with demonstrations of joy.

"A thousand welcomes, Snath!" she exclaimed; "for I know thy master is near, and I want him sorely."

"Who wants me?" repeated a gruff voice, and the form of a man was dimly descried, coming down the rocks.

"Oh, Matlin, is it you? Speak!"

"Who else should it be—and who are you? It is a woman's voice."

"I am Hilda, the housekeeper."

"Hilda! And what do you here?"

"Know you not, Matlin, seer as you are? What else brought you, just at the moment succor is most needed?"

"Succor? Are you in peril, Dame Hilda?"

"Not me! Surely you know?"

"I know nothing; I am blind to-night. Or my sense is stunned!"

As he came near, the woman grasped his arm.

"Come with me, on the instant."

She led the way down by the winding path among the rocks.

"Where are you going?" demanded the man.

"That I should have to tell a seer like you, Mat! Knew ye naught of the chief in deadly peril?"

"The chief—Kenneth? Why, I spoke with him going toward the castle."

"My tongue be palsied for what I was about to say! Is it for me to betray him?" muttered the woman. "Nae—nae! It's not the chief, but one of the men that sought him. He fell frae the cliff, and needs help! I could not carry him up to the hollow."



Alicia's feet were already on the grimy steps. "I cannot go alone!" she said. "Come you with me!"

Thus answering Matlin's questionings, she led the way to the spot where the hurt stranger lay. He gave a faint moan as he heard them, but answered them not in words. He had been trying to get upon his feet, and the effort had utterly exhausted him.

Matlin lifted him as easily as if he had been an infant, and prepared to reascend the rocks. The dog sniffed and growled; but the bidding of his master silenced him; and the woman urged the necessity of allowing none to know what had happened, lest suspicion should be drawn upon themselves.

They reached the dell; but there was no shelter for the wounded man, and Matlin said he must be taken to his hut by the larches. This would take time. With repeated injunctions to silence, Hilda took her leave, to return to the castle.

The castle, meanwhile, was the scene of merriment, mingled with fierce defiance and blustering threats.

Kenneth Maur, a powerfully-built, stern-looking man, with shaggy beard and bushy gray hair, sat at the head of the table after the evening meal had been dispatched, with a huge flagon of wine before him. Several of his kinsmen and retainers still occupied their seats, and many were drinking while they talked.

Contradictory rumors had come in, concerning the movements or intentions of the government men. Some said they had departed quietly; some that the cutter was lying in the cove, ready on the morrow to recomber the coast. Others said that they had sent for a reinforcement of soldiers, and were going to search the castle for the smugglers' stores.

At every suggestion Kenneth would laugh hoarsely, and say the varlets had better present themselves at his gates; he would give them a welcome from his guns, etc. He lifted the flagon to his lips and took a mighty draught after every speech; and while the latter was applauded, the first was imitated by his followers.

The door was pushed open and a young man came in. He was about twenty-two years of age, though his broad and stout frame might have made him appear much older, but for his youthful face and fresh complexion. He had bushy yellow hair and blue eyes; and a long, tawny mustache partly concealed his mouth. He would have been called handsome even in the dark green cloth with leather breeches and heavy boots, and wore a slouched hat, which he lifted, or rather swept from his head, as he came in, dragging a heavy carbine in his left hand.

"So, you are here at last, Herrick, my son," was his greeting from the chief. "Make room, there! A seat for you at my right hand; your place, boy! More wine!"

But Herrick declined both the wine and the place at table. He stood his carbine in a corner, looked around gloomily upon the rest, and then sunk into a leather chair by the huge chimney, in which green fragrant bushes occupied the place of logs that in winter made the great baronial hall warm for the revelers.

In answer to his father's history of what had occurred, and demands for his aid in maintaining their independence, the young man said, with a slight provincial accent:

"I have heard of all this. Will ye have my counsel, or do ye condemn it, father?"

"Speak freely, boy; I did ye."

"Then my counsel is—that you throw open the castle to their search."

"What! admit the government men under this roof in peace on such an errand?"

"Why not? You have no war with the government, and they will find nothing here."

"But they shall not come here—to put shame upon us as sneaks and cowards!"

Kenneth's words evoked a muttered assent from his followers around the table.

"It is not cowardly to avoid needless bloodshedding, or even strife," said the young man.

"And where learned ye submission?" growled Kenneth, scowling at his son. "Ye would make loyal slaves of us all. Belike this comes of your visits to our comely cousin, the Baron of Swinton!"

"I am not favored there!" muttered Herrick. "And I care not."

"Show yourself a man, then!" shouted the chief. "loyal to your clan and your ain house! Who counsels submission is a traitor!"

Young Herrick started to his feet.

"Who calls me traitor?" he fiercely demanded.

"None here," answered one of his cousins, brusquely. "The chief but said he who would take a slave's treatment at the hands of our foes is so; and he is right. The spies shall not enter the castle. We will fight to prevent it."

"And I will not fight at any bidding!" cried Herrick, advancing to the table, and glaring at the others, who drew back as if in scorn as he approached.

The burst of laughter and mutterings of "craven," violently irritated the young man. He seized a stone pitcher, and was about to hurl it at one of the men, when his arm was clutched by Gregory, the first speaker.

At the same instant one of the trusted retainers of Kenneth entered hastily, and whispered in the ear of his chief.

"It is well, Bertram," Kenneth replied. "Go and call Hilda; she will receive our visitor."

The man bowed low, and withdrew.

"Sit down, rash boy," said the chief to his son. "Let me hear nae mair of this unseemly violence. Since you have refused to aid us with the strength of your arm, will ye marry to better the fortunes of your house?"

"I know not what you mean," grumbled the youth.

"I am not dark of speech! I say, will ye lead a fair bride to the altar at my bidding?"

"That depends on whether she pleases me or pleases me not," was the undutiful response.

"Suppose I asked you to wed your fair cousin, Mistress Alicia Maur?"

A deep flush swept over Herrick's face, and he turned it away for an instant.

"He scorns women!" cried Gregory, derisively.

The others laughed.

Herrick echoed the mirth in bitter mockery. Then he turned to his father.

"You have more pluck than power!" he said. "That fair cousin would laugh to scorn your suit or mine!"

"Suppose I were sure of her consent?"

"But that canna be. Think ye the proud baron—her father—with his English associates, would listen to a loon like Herrick Maur?"

"Are ye not next heir to the title, failing son of his?"

"What of that? It is an empty title; or carries little land with it."

"Little land, but muckle state! A baron of Swinton may hold his ain w' England's proudest peers! And his daughter is fairest among the fair."

"We a' ken that!" cried Gregory. "Here's to her health!" A dozen cups were lifted to drain the wine.

"Be silent!" exclaimed Herrick, impatiently. "I ask again, what means all this?"

"It means, boy, that I can bestow your cousin, if ye are minded to wed her; ay, this very night!"

"Nay—'tis ill jesting, when the speech is of a fair maiden."

"What! admit the government men under this roof in peace on such an errand?"

"Why not? You have no war with the government, and they will find nothing here."

"But they shall not come here—to put shame upon us as sneaks and cowards!"

Kenneth's words evoked a muttered assent from his followers around the table.

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CHAPTER V.  
THE SEER'S WARNING.  
ALL the men started to their feet.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Kenneth. The front door was thrown open, and a figure of aspect familiar to all passed over the threshold. It was that of a tall, stalwart-looking man, wrapped in a dark mantle, with flowing white beard and abundant white locks rolling down over his neck.

His eyebrows were jet-black, and under them were deep-set, dusky eyes, now fixed, as if gazing on vacancy. There was a rapt expression in the face, and his pallor was more than natural. One hand clutched the mantle; the right was extended, and lifted upward.

"It is Matlin, the seer!" ran in a hoarse whisper from man to man among the revelers.

"It is the seer, and the vision is upon him!" exclaimed Gregory.

Our readers need hardly be informed that the old Scottish superstition of second-sight yet lingered among the clans in the mountains. The seer, gifted from his birth with the faculty of seeing events before they came to pass, especially those that concerned his own people, was still listened to with reverence. His prophecies often determined the councils of the chiefs, and he was regarded by the common people as a mysterious being to whom the secrets of nature were open, and whose eyes, enlightened supernaturally, could discern what was hidden from all other sight.

It will be remembered that Hilda, when she met the seer among the rocks, deemed that he had been supernaturally informed of the occurrence, and that he had come purposely to give aid to the injured revenue-officer. Hence her surprise at learning that he knew nothing.

The great bell still boomed out its sullen alarm.

"Listen!" said the seer, taking a step forward. "It is the death-peal of more than one among you who have drained the cup of feasting."

"Matlin!" exclaimed Kenneth, in a tone of grave displeasure.

But Matlin paid no heed.

"I have seen your wild doings," again said the seer, "and now the doom is revealed of vengeance that is coming! The foe is at hand! Your castle will be attacked this night!"

"Silence!" shouted the chief. "How dare you come among us with your bodings of evil! Sit you here, and speak like a true man, or begone this instant!"

The seer turned to face him.

"Kenneth Maur!" he said, in slow and measured speech. "Is there not blood upon your hands?"

The chief burst into coarse laughter.

"An ye list to spin nursery tales," he cried, "let it be in the woman's hearing! Away with him to the kitchen, or the housekeeper's still-room."

No one stirred. Matlin heeded not the anger his words had provoked.

"The man you fought with on the cliff," he continued, "lies in peril of death; and his blood that stains your footsteps will lure on the hounds in pursuit. Be wise, and turn them away before their fangs are in your throat!"

There was a confused murmur among the guests, and Herrick strode up to the seer, but did not attempt to interrupt him.

"Take the warning given," his solemn speech went on. "Leave the castle to the soldiers who are marching on it, and will soon be here. My but by the larches is a shelter large enough, and to-morrow you may return hither in peace."

demanded the chief, threateningly. "By the bones of my father, if he were other than the seer, I would hew him in pieces here in our hall!" And he clutched his heavy sword, half-drawing it. "Before he provokes me beyond drawing it. Before he provokes me beyond drawing it. Before he provokes me beyond drawing it."

Gregory laid hold of the seer, but speedily released him. The dog, Snath, had followed his

master, and had lain crouched at his feet while he was speaking. At the touch of violence laid upon him he sprang up fiercely, and rushed upon Gregory, who fell back with an exclamation.

Herrick stepped between them.

"The dog will not harm me," he said, as he laid his hand caressingly on the animal's head. Snath welcomed the caress by wagging his tail, and went back to crouch at his master's feet.

Then there was a noise outside as of many voices and footsteps. The door was again flung open, and two or three men came hurrying in with their tidings. The alarm had been given that the reinforcement of soldiers had received orders to march on the castle, demand its surrender for their occupancy till the search could be made next day, and arrest all who opposed them!

The sound of the great bell had summoned all who would defend the chief from their dwellings in the neighborhood; but they could not outnumber the soldiers. The troop was on the march, and the storm that was rising would make them more fierce to obtain shelter. Was it to be peace or a struggle?

The seer, Matlin, had sunk upon a seat, burying his face in his hands. The vision had passed. It had left him, as usual, with trembling frame and collapsed strength. Herrick noticed his condition. He filled a cup with wine, and put it to his lips. Matlin drained it, and thanked him with a grateful look.

With loud execrations, Kenneth vowed he would give the assailants the reception they deserved. He ordered Matlin taken away.

"Put him in one of the east store-rooms," he cried; "and since he came to bring news of disaster, and counsel submission, let him share the danger he predicted. Out with him, Gregory, and leave him a prisoner. In the largest room! There is not a window for his escape, but he can hear all that passes within."

Gregory took the old man's arm, and led him to one of the side doors, followed by the dog.

"Nay, this violence shall not be!" cried young Herrick. "Matlin is a faithful friend. He came when the vision was on him, to warn you, father, and, by my sword, his counsel was wise and good! You shall not harm a hair of his head!"

"Who wants to harm him—foolish boy?" shouted his father. "He shall not abide his own prophecy. If the castle falls, we fall with it! An ye dare meddle with my orders, I'll give ye work to do. Gregory, obey me!"

He strode to the side door, out of which Gregory led his prisoner, and whispered to him as he passed out. Then he resumed his directions to his followers.

"Place the cannon on the ramparts, and dispose the men at the windows to fling down the ladders if they raise any. Have the guns and crowbars out of the armory!"

His men hastened away in different directions in seeming readiness to obey. But the utmost confusion prevailed. The bell was silent, but the storm was raging without, and the dash of sea-waves against the rocks below was like the roar of distant artillery.

Once more Herrick, ignorant of his father's reason for dreading arrest—and that he was willing to risk all their lives rather than be captured, when death by the hangman might be his doom—interfered to prevent this mad resistance to the civil authorities.

"I said ye should have other work than meddlin' with us, craven boy!" cried his father, tauntingly. "And so you shall! Look there!"

He pointed to the open side door.

There stood Alicia Maur, with white, scared face, looking at them.

Beside her stood Hilda, the housekeeper, and on the other side Gregory, who had led the maiden into the hall.

She wore her riding-habit of dark-green velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and a green hat with its drooping heron's feather. White leather gloves covered her hands. Just as Bertram had received her from her captors, her dress disordered and her ringlets pulled over her cheeks and neck, she stood there, a radiant vision of beauty—all terrified and bewildered as she was—beholding the strange scene.

It was a minute before Herrick could speak; and while he stood petrified with surprise, Hilda glided to the chief, and grasped his arm.

"Where is Matlin?" she whispered, eagerly.

"Away, woman! I want not your help!"

"He had charge of the officer! the man who fell frae the cliff!" she gasped, convulsively pressing Kenneth's arm. "The man will die for lack of aid!"

"Is he not dead already?" demanded the chief.

"He was saved by a miracle; but he is sorely hurt. Send Matlin to him; he is a leech's skill. Oh, Sir Kenneth! if the man dies—woe to you! woe to us all!"

"This way!" said Kenneth, crossing the hall with her. His belief in the death of the officer, and that he was in danger of arrest, had made him so reckless in resolving to defend the castle. The news brought by Hilda put a new face on the matter.

The brief dialogue and movement occupied but a moment, ere they went out, followed by several others.

Herrick approached the young girl, and ordered Gregory to leave them. The man scowled wrathfully, but he obeyed.

The scared look had not left Alicia's face. The young man gently led her to a chair.

"I know nothing of this," he muttered. "When you are recovered, lady, you will tell me how you came here."

The frightened girl looked wildly around her; then piteously at Herrick, clasping her hands.

"Oh, Herrick!" she sobbed. "You are our kinsman! You will save me! You will save me!"

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

Kenneth and the housekeeper, with two of his followers, proceeded at once to the room to which Matlin had been taken as a prisoner.

It was a large apartment, used for lumber and household stores, and bare of furniture. The windows were narrow slits, high up in the stone wall; there was but one door, and that had been securely locked by the chief's orders.

The ponderous key was produced, and the door was thrown open. Kenneth snatched the torch from one of his men and went in.



He flashed the light to and fro, till every portion of the room was brought into view.

"It was entirely empty!"

"He was not brought here," said the chief, angrily.

"He was brought here; I can swear to it," said one of the men; "to this very room."

"I saw him put in," added Hilda, "and the door fast locked outside."

"But, woman, you see for yourself he's not here," testily cried the chief.

"And he could not have gotten forth," added the dame, embarrassed what to think.

"Search the other rooms," thundered Kenneth, in a rage at the disappearance of the prisoner. Not a trace of the seer could be found in any of the rooms. The wonder was great, and several avowed their belief that Mat was a wizard.

"How else could he go forth?" suggested Hilda. "w' ne'er a window to put his head through!"

The confusion in the castle and around it left no time for conjecture or questioning. The soldiers were outside; and they had demanded admittance in the king's name.

Gregory, who was spokesman in the absence of Kenneth, responded by requiring to know what had brought them at that hour to invade the dwelling of a man who had given no cause for a show of violence against him.

The leading officer of the troops rode within speech of Gregory, who stood upon one of the balconies. He said he and his men had been summoned and sent to the assistance of the revenue men, who had reported the capture of their commander. He had been missing since before dusk, and was supposed to be held a prisoner in the castle. He must be instantly released, or the attack would be made to force an entrance and deliver the captive.

Kenneth came forward at this juncture, and loudly declared that no prisoner was held within the castle; and that no enemy should be admitted to search.

There was a stunning clamor of voices at this; the soldiers shouting that they did not believe him, and calling their comrades to the rescue; the adherents of Kenneth giving orders, and running to and fro in wild disorder. The chief's orders to bolt and barricade the entrances were obeyed, and preparations were hurriedly made to resist the attack. In vain some of the men urged that the soldiers be permitted to make the search and then retire; it was answered that they claimed the right also to quarter themselves all night, and make a search for smuggled stores on the morrow, perhaps to arrest the whole household as suspected participants. There was no limit to the freedom claimed by a body of soldiers in possession; and a man's own house was his stronghold.

In the midst of the wild disorder Hilda made her way to Kenneth, and laid hold of his arm. He turned quickly; the woman's face was white as death, and her lips trembled; she had some evil news to communicate. She gasped, almost breathless, in her master's ear:

"He is dying; he will be dead ere dawn; save yourself!"

"Speak plainly, woman; or else stand aside!" was the hasty response.

"The lad, Malcolm—he came from Mat, the seer—"

"What of him? Has the devil carried him off? Why can't you speak out?"

"The man who fell frae the cliff; Mat took him home. He is hurt to the death! 'Twill sune be known, if 'tis not already! Master, master, save yourself! Leave the castle the storm is 'bating; I warn ye, pull the head round, and fetch ye w' the dawn; ye can hide in the cave! There is a vessel nigh the coast at anchor."

She poured forth her entreaties with frenzied earnestness; and Kenneth saw at once the danger in which he stood. His stubborn will, however forbade him to yield.

"I will not fly, nor hide, this night!" he cried, hoarsely. "I will hold the castle till dawn, and then baffle them! Where is Herrick?"

Hilda wrung her hands in terror and anguish. Better than life she loved her master, and to find him so foolishly tortured her.

"Herrick! I will find him! He may persuade ye, Sir Kenneth! Wae is me, he heeds not words of mine!"

Turning, she sped from the place in search of help, but staggered against the wall in horror at the next sound that met her ears.

With his own hands Kenneth lighted the fuse of the cannon on his ramparts. The roar shook the castle, and though no harm resulted among the besiegers, the terrific sound created a panic, showing that their purpose would not be accomplished without bloodshed and loss of life. The silence that ensued was speedily followed by greater activity and a wilder uproar than ever among both the hostile parties.

Return ye to the terrified Alicia. She heard the clamor, the shouting, and the dire confusion, wilder than the storm and the roar of the sea. It seemed as if the old castle were tumbling about her ears. She had sunk on her knees, and her clasped hands toward Herrick in agonized supplication. He stood irresolute and agitated by conflicting emotions. He knew his duty called him to share the labor and peril of his father and kinsmen, rash and misguided as he deemed them. Yet how could he leave the fair girl thus imploring his help? Had not his father, too, committed her to his charge?

"You will save me, Herrick?" entreated the maiden.

"What can I do?" stammered the youth.

"Take me home! Oh, take me to my father! I was mad to leave home! I was headstrong. Oh, Herrick, take me back, and I will bless your name forever!"

Turning abruptly, the young man went to the door. He found it fastened on the outside. He beat violently upon it, and shouted the names of several retainers.

A voice answered him without:

"The castle is attacked by soldiers. Every man is wanted on the ramparts!"

"Undo the door! Which of you dared bolt me in! Call Hilda. Send Hilda hither!" he shouted.

"Oh, Herrick, take me away! I shall die if I stay here!" shrieked the poor girl, more and more alarmed every instant.

Herrick took her hand and led her to the extreme end of the hall. There stood a massive cask full of liquor; from which at meals the men were accustomed to draw full flagons. With a giant's strength the young man hurled this cask, larger and heavier than a hoghead, on one side. It had stood directly over a trap-door. Herrick stooped and pulling an iron ring lifted this, disclosing a narrow flight of stone steps. A rush of cold damp air came from the opening.

"Behold the secret passage," he said. "It leads by a winding way to a door that opens outside the walls. You can go that way; take this torch to guide your steps. You will find the outer door unbarred; it is always kept so. When you are outside nothing will hinder your flight."

He put the torch into Alicia's hand; he led her to the steps down which she was to go. Alicia looked up at him. He was struggling violently with emotion; his right hand was clenched; his teeth were set as in terrible determination.

"And you—what will you do?" asked the girl.

"I! Oh, I will shut the trap-door, and replace the cask to conceal your flight. Then I will batter down your door, and go out to help my kinsmen, and die in defense of the castle."

Alicia's feet were already on the grimy steps of the passage. She shivered violently.

"I cannot go alone!" she said. "Come you with me!"

"How can I leave the castle when foes are besieging it?"

"Your father put me in your care, and locked the door behind me. He does not want you. He would send, if he did. I dare not go alone! Come, Herrick—my cousin—come!"

"What can harm you, alone? The storm is

over; the country is quiet. All the fighting-men are here."

"I should not know the way to my home, and it is far!" moaned the girl, sobbing in terror.

"At the nearest farm-house you will find shelter, rest, and a guide and horse when you list to pursue the journey. Here is money; all the boons are easily bribed."

He offered a purse, which the girl refused to take.

"If you will not go with me," she murmured, "I shall die in this underground passage! It frightens me but to look at it! I shall never come forth alive! And you will perish, too, Herrick! You must come with me!"

She stood on the topmost step and clasped his arm with her white hand, looking beseechingly in his face.

"Do you care for me, Alicia?" he asked, earnestly.

"Surely I do," she answered. "You are my only friend, Herrick!"

"What will you do for me, Alicia, if for your sake I desert my father in his hour of need?"

"Take me to my father, and he will send you help. He will serve you in all things."

"What will you do for me?"

"I will bless you. Oh, Herrick! I will call you my deliverer!"

"Will you love me, Alicia?"

"I do love you, cousin."

"But not as I love you! You have long known—you must have known—how madly I worship you! I would give the world, my life—my honor even—to call you mine! Do not start; my father sent to capture you for the purpose of making you my wife—ay, this night! But I would have no constraint; you shall be free to choose. I might compel you to wed me, but I love you too well for that, Alicia!"

"Oh, Herrick! you have a noble soul!"

"Hear me now," cried the young man, impetuously. "I am ready to go with you, to forsake all; to brand myself as a traitor; to take you to your father's house! But you must promise to be my wife! Will you promise that, Alicia?"

"Herrick, you have too grand a soul to profit by my sore strait! Be generous—I implore you!"

"Then you love me not! You scorn my suit, proud girl!"

"I do not scorn—I honor you. I am lost unless you save me! I appeal to your mercy."

"Shall I save you for another suit?"

His eyes glared; his lips were drawn; his face was white as death.

"You must answer me before I stir, girl," he gasped, releasing his arm from her feeble hold. "You want me to save you—that you may wed another?"

"Oh, no, no, no! Herrick!"

"Will you swear to marry me?"

"Oh, I cannot!"

"Will you swear to marry no one else?"

"Mercy, mercy, Herrick!"

"By my ancestors, you shall swear, or I leave you to perish! Hark to those wild shouts! Our men have triumphed! They will be in here presently! What will become of you?"

"Save me! Save me!"

"Will you swear to marry no man unless I give you leave?"

"I will! I will!"

"Swear then! by this sword! No, by your hopes of heaven!"

"I swear!" repeated the affrighted girl, falling on her knees.

"I have your oath!" cried Herrick, exultingly. "You shall wed me, or no man! Now come!"

He threw one arm around her waist. The cries without were redoubled; but unheeding them, he lifted her down the steps, closed the trap-door after them and bolted it on the lower side.

Carrying the torch in one hand, and clasping the almost-fainting maiden firmly with the other, he gained the passage, and sped on swiftly, till the door beyond was reached. There he found open with some exertion of strength, and they stood in the open air, outside.

A terrible scene burst on Herrick's sight, amid the clamor and shouting. Flames were rushing from the upper windows of the castle.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 417.)

## ONE CONSTANT FRIEND.

BY WOOD B. SCRIBBLER.

In fancied friends and dreamed foes  
I've disappointments found,  
So true were these, so false were those,  
That trust with doubts abound.

But true to himself,  
Ever true to himself,  
And he's true to himself;  
Do seek—much elate,  
To better my state,  
His selfish form I see.

Ambition's fire may brightly burn,  
Hope picture visions fair;  
Or, lowly soaring, fancy seek  
For friendship's true and rare.

But the same little sprite,  
With spirits so light,  
Whisks off the pleasure refined;  
At a whisper from him,  
For the friend I would win,  
A cool acquaintance I find.

This meddler in all my affairs  
I name ill-luck, and begin  
Anew the race with despair,  
Yet he is certain to win.

Disgraced at last,  
With results of the past,  
I turn from his withering wand  
And seek words of due weight,  
His misdeeds to relate—  
Lo! here, he's guiding my hand.

## Wife or Widow?

OR,

ETHELIND ERLE'S ENEMY.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "A GIRL'S HEART," "A DANGEROUS WOMAN," "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. FAUNCE.

"Her face was pale, but very beautiful; her lips had a more delicate outline, and the tint was deeper. But her countenance was like the palest of angels."

For a season that strange, erratic woman, the mistress of Lorn, tasted of happiness in feverish draughts that were like nectar to her palate at one moment, and bitter as gall the next. Colonel Falkner was at her feet again, the blind, infatuated lover. He had once more fallen completely under the spell of her grace and beauty. The sinful and miserable past, which had been so darkly hinted at in the first interviews they held together, was never referred to now. He preferred to believe blindly and implicitly in her truth, perhaps; for he made no effort to sweep aside the curtain that hid so much that was dark and mysterious.

But Mrs. Faunce could not forget. The sword of Damocles hung suspended above her head, and whether she waked or slept, whether she rejoiced or sorrowed, she never for one moment lost sight of the fact that it was there, as real as reality, though she saw it not. And the consciousness murdered her peace, embittered her happiest moments, as was most natural, under the circumstances.

One day, when she sat musing in her own room, her graceful hands lying in her lap, her eyes bent upon the carpet, she was suddenly roused from her reverie by the loud ringing of the door-bell.

"It is he—it is Philip," she murmured, a soft rose-flush stealing into her cheeks.

A few minutes later the room door opened, and Joan Withers entered alone. Mrs. Faunce could not repress a cry of disappointment.

"Where is he, Joan? Did he only send a message? Give it to me instantly."

The old woman looked white and scared.

"Hush, my lady," she said, in a muffled voice. "It was not Colonel Falkner, but—the other one!"

"What other?"

"Raymond Challoner."

An exclamation of anger and terror broke from the lips of Mrs. Faunce, and she started impulsively to her full height, and stood there with both hands firmly clinched.

"Am I never to know rest or peace?"

"Of course I refused to admit him," said Joan. "But he bade me say to you that even a dozen rebuffs would not discourage him—that he should come again."

"Do you think he suspects—or is it mere idle curiosity that brings him here?"

"The latter, I fully believe," Joan answered, pitying her mistress's evident terror so much that she half unconsciously belied her real convictions.

"I wish I knew—I wish I knew," moaned Mrs. Faunce, falling back into her chair again, with a dreadful shiver.

The next day, at about the same hour, the bell again sent its imperative summons echoing through the house. But a longer interval elapsed before Joan appeared at the door of the apartment in which Mrs. Faunce sat, pallid with suspense and fear.

"It was he—Mr. Challoner! I know, I feel it!" exclaimed the wretched woman, without waiting for her servant to speak.

"Yes, my lady."

"He intended giving me to madness and desperation. But I will never see him—never!"

Joan hastily advanced.

"He scribbled a few lines on this card, madam, and told me to deliver it immediately. Of course I could not refuse to take it."

The message was written in pencil, and ran thus:

"I have been dismissed from your door for the last time. When I come again to-morrow at this hour, you must admit me. I know you! I am not a man to be trifled with."

An hour later, when Colonel Falkner himself made his appearance at Lorn, he found Mrs. Faunce nervous and hysterical. She screamed at sight of him, and throwing herself helpless on his breast, clung to him in what seemed an agony of terror.

"What has happened?" he asked, in alarm.

"Are you ill?"

"Take me away," she shivered. "You have said that you love me. Prove it by helping me to fly from this hated spot."

"Be patient, Olympia," he said, trying to soothe her. "One of these days, as soon as everything is arranged, we will go."

"It must be now or never!"

"It would necessitate a great pecuniary sacrifice were we to leave at once."

"What do I care for that?" she broke out, fiercely, with her hands clinched. "You shall not keep me here, and it would be wicked and sinful for you to weigh dollars and cents in the balance with my peace of mind."

He looked down at her with a strange glance in which there seemed to be a blending of love and shrinking repulsion.

"It is not the loss in money matters that troubles me, and I might as well confess the truth," he said, a little coldly. "You know that my ward Ethelind is missing. I cannot bear to go away until I have heard some tidings of her."

Mrs. Faunce slipped quickly out of his arms and sat down. Her hands were now helplessly relaxed and trembled in her lap.

"You love that girl," she said, in a deep, shaken voice. "She has usurped my place in your heart. I have feared it sometimes—I know it!"

"Hush! you are talking wildly," he said, but his eyes fell beneath the searching gaze she sent quivering into them.

"If you do not love her, why are you so ready to sacrifice my happiness the moment she comes into the room?"

"You misunderstand me, Olympia."

"Nay, I fear that I understand you only too well!"

"Ethelind was entrusted to my care by her dying father. She has gone away friendless and alone. She may be penniless for aught I know—she certainly is suffering. Is it not natural that I should wish to be assured of her well-being before leaving this part of the country?"

His tone was still cold and reproachful. Mrs. Faunce felt her powerlessness to hold out against him. She suddenly leaned her head against his shoulder and burst into a wild storm of sobs.

"Forgive me, Philip. I did not wish to betray anything akin to jealousy. But I am miserable and wretched. I feel myself sinking into a horrible abyss where I shall be beyond the reach of hope or mercy or pardon; and nobody, not even you, is willing to stretch forth a saving hand."

"What do you mean, Olympia?" he said, bending toward her with a touch of returning tenderness. "Why do you talk so strangely? Are you threatened by any new or immediate danger?"

"She dared not tell him."

"No one here has penetrated your secret," he went on, in his usual calm way. "You might remain at Lorn half a lifetime and not a whisper arise to betray the story of the past. Remember how secluded is this place—how few in all the country have ever heard of you."

"The danger may be more imminent than you are aware of," she shivered. "It is impossible to tell. And the world would not judge me with your leniency. It has no faith in me. It would sooner adjudge me guilty than innocent."

"No one would dare breathe a word against you in the present."

"Oh, Philip, Philip! Promise me that you will never forsake me."

"I do promise—but it is unnecessary. Our lives are too closely woven together ever to be divided again."

She was silent a moment or two, as if struggling with the emotions that had so nearly overcome her. At length she said, in a thrilling whisper:

"I am like one beset. A nameless horror is hovering over me. I feel as if evil spirits had hold of my soul, and were trying to wrench it from my body. Philip, unless you save me I am lost—lost to all eternity. Oh, be merciful! Let us fly this very night!"

"So soon?" he said, startled by her wildness and vehemence. Impossible. Try to be calm, Olympia. There is nothing to fear."

But she went on urging more vehemently than ever that such a course was her only salvation. They would seek some far-off sunny clime, she said, some lovely, romantic isle in a southern sea, where they could live and die together replete from madness and the irksome trammels of a false civilization.

Colonel Falkner listened in a vague wonder to her beseeching words. But instead of drawing his heart closer to her they seemed to widen the distance between them. The glowing pictures she painted possessed little charm for him in the mood that had suddenly come over him. He experienced a sickening sensation of misery and disappointment, as if all the brightest hopes of his life had crumbled to ashes in his grasp, like Dead Sea fruit. Were the scales falling from his eyes? Or was this reaction only the natural effect of his better nature trying to reassert itself?

Mrs. Faunce, with a woman's subtle intuitions, divined at once the change in his mood. She became silent all at once, a spasm of agony went over her face, and she sunk back in her chair trembling and pallid, as if she had resigned herself to a fate she was powerless to avert.

"You are not yourself to-day," said Colonel Falkner, looking at her curiously. "Something has happened to distress you, and you are keeping it from me."

"No, I am not myself," she said, wearily, utterly ignoring the words with which he had con-

cluded. "I believe I realize how a poor, doomed prisoner must feel the hour before the executioner comes."

She smiled very faintly, adding, before he could recover himself to reply:

"Perhaps we had better say adieu for the present as you can come again to-morrow—if you wish."

"I shall come very early, then; as early as you will admit me!" he exclaimed, struck by the misery expressed in every tone of her sobbing voice.

"No," she said firmly, "your visit to-morrow must be paid at a later hour than ever before. Do not come until the sun is down. I shall be busy until then."

She offered no further explanation of the request, but rose quickly and held out her hand. Colonel Falkner took it, held it rather longer than usual, and as if yielding to an irresistible impulse, bent down suddenly and touched his lips to the soft, cool palm.

"I hope to find you more cheerful when I come again," he said.

She bowed her head passively, making no other reply. But when he had gone out and shut the door, she sunk down on her knees, clasped both hands over her eyes, and burst out in subdued but hysterical crying.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DECREE OF FATE.

"I'm fallen into my patience cannot bear! It frights my reason, warps my sense of virtue, Religion!—changes me into a thing I look at with abhorring!"

—THE HUNCHBACK.

The next day, at the hour he had himself appointed, Raymond Challoner slowly approached Lorn, threading one of those grass-grown paths that led, with many a *detour*, through the neglected grounds.

He was very pale, but his face wore a grim, resolute expression, and it was with a firm step that he ascended the terrace and made his way to the gloomy, forbidding-looking portal. He looked like a man with a fixed, inflexible purpose in his mind.

His foot had scarcely touched the topmost step when the door opened, noiselessly, and Joan appeared, her usually imperturbable face strangely agitated. She spoke no word of greeting, but in utter silence beckoned him to enter.

"And so I am to be given the open sesame to this enchanted palace at last?" he said, with a mocking curl of the lip, as he crossed the threshold. "It is well."

"You would never enter with my consent," said Joan, fiercely. "But of course my mistress has no pleasure in me. I am powerless to keep you out."

Again Raymond smiled derisively.

"One would imagine you had played the part of ogre quite long enough. Beauty and the Beast and Una and the Lion are worn out tales. They grow tiresome in process of time. No matter—I have gained my point. Pray conduct me at once to the presence of Mrs. Faunce."

The sneering emphasis with which he spoke that name sent a shudder through the woman's frame.

She suddenly grasped his arm.

"I can see that you are in no conciliatory mood," she said, dropping her voice to a whisper. "Be warned in time. My mistress is desperate already—do not drive her to madness. I make this plea for your sake as well as hers."

"Against what do you warn me?"

"Alas, I know not," replied Joan, in deep agitation, dropping her hand and shrinking from him. "My heart misgives me—that's all. The shameful past has been rising before my mind with strange vividness all the morning."

He made an impatient gesture.

"How is your mistress?" he asked, after a short



to papa. Maroon took alarm when I suggested it. He did not approve of strangers; she might be wrong; she had never even told him of these street interviews, but at last she was persuaded reluctantly to give me his number, after extorting a promise that I would not reveal myself to him, and I had the felicity of riding down town next day with the man whom I had already consecrated in my thoughts as my future father-in-law.

"If that conductor could but have known the conflicting emotions aroused in my mind by his frayed linen and shabby elbows! If he could have known the heroic resolution it required not to slip a V into his hand and refuse the change! I wished I had done it afterward. It might have brought about an explanation which would have enlightened me."

"After six weeks or so of this blissful experience, a chill of reserve stole over Maroon. Never mind the misery I endured. It came out at last that there was another sinner in the field, a man whom her father favored, who had already been a general friend to them, who would stand that failed indebtedness at the price of her hand. All men are fools once in their lives, and I was too much infatuated to have a doubt of this fishy story. Imagine, if you can, the arguments I employed in having the promise of that pleasure and the immense transfer of money to me. I was a thousand or so lying about loose as it happened, and found no difficulty in presenting myself at the Moynarty apartments on the next Sunday morning with seven hundred in my pocket. It was on the programme that Maroon should present the money to her father, smoothing down the stubborn pride which might stand in the way of its acceptance, while I should take advantage of the first flush of his gratitude to plead my cause."

"The dear child was all in a flutter. She took the roll of bills I put in her hand and faced across as the door opened and a man scarcely older than I was entered."

"Here it is, Gustave. I hope you are satisfied. Now tell Mr. Garth why I cannot accept the honor he would confer upon me."

"Because she is not my wife and has been these two years," said he, putting his arm about her, while she had the grace to hide that 'fair, false face' of hers upon his shoulder. Maybe you'll believe me, Mont, when I tell you I never once thought of the seven hundred dollars I had thrown away. It was the hardest experience of my life to know that the witchery that girl had thrown around me was all a deceit and a snare."

"Maroon, I appealed to her: 'what reason or excuse have you for this? Must I go without any regard at all for the woman I believed you to be?'"

"She lifted her face with the very tearful, pleading look I had seen upon it a score of times."

"He made me do it. Pity me, think what my life must be, what my temptation was. 'She wrung her two little white hands together with a hopeless gesture, and upon my word, Mont, I can't think hardy of her to this day, though I made friends with the shabby conductor immediately after, and found, of course, that he had never heard of my siren. It won't seem like sacrilege will it, after that, to ask how your love affair came about?'"

"My Maroon was companion to Mrs. West—your mother here—almost like an adopted daughter in her home, and she saw us, Garth, and have the flavor of *le diable* which clings to your siren. Thank God by as near an approach to the angelic as this earth affords us."

More than an ordinary friendship had existed between these two young men; therefore, it was with many tears that Garth, and interest that Garth looked forward to meeting his friend's wife. The keen expectancy in his eyes changed to accusation and horror as the slight, little form arose before him, while the fair face blanched, and the smile and words of welcome froze on the tongue.

"This young man is my friend, my friend, my friend," said Maroon, plying her in amazement with indignation gave way in Tresdale's mind to a conviction of the truth. There are men whom pain or wrong render fierce and dangerous. Tresdale was one of these.

"No lies," he caught her wrist. "Were you that degraded thing?"

"I was."

The bare, unqualified admission, nothing more. Looking from one stern face to the other with hunted and desperate eyes, she felt how useless it would be to plead any extenuation of that past, and turned away with a mute gesture of despair.

One year of restless wandering, months passed amid the wildest scenes of the wide, wide West, where the colossal features of sublime nature overtop and overwhelm the pigmy man, the scene of erratic travel extending all the way from the grand, gloomy pine forests of the North to the rolling Texas slopes, a year from the time Tresdale and Garth had departed in company, the former returned alone.

Garth was settled in a rising Western town, devoting himself to his profession, with the certainty of growing into greatness, but his bosom friend had come home to him, and he was there.

"There was no doubt of that in the mind of any one who looked into his ghastly, thin visage or noted how the strong nerves of the man had deserted him. Few had the opportunity of doing so. He shut himself up in his own house, shunned society, and wasted perceptibly day by day."

When his old housekeeper came to announce that she was about to leave him for a home with her son, adding that she had found a person to fill her place, provided he approved her choice, he only turned from her irritably:

"See for yourself that she is tidy and quiet, and tell her to let me alone."

Not a word of regret at parting from the faithful woman who had been like a mother to him, yet Tresdale had been tender-hearted.

Quarterly another the most eminent physicians of the day waited upon him. He never sent for them; he answered their questions listlessly, threw their prescriptions into the fire, and summoned the new director of his household affairs.

"Mrs. Gray, don't let another doctor inside the door. Who is it sends them to worry me to death faster than I am going, I wonder? A glass of water before you go if you please."

She brought it silently and watered and drop a portion from a vial of colorless liquid which he always carried in his breast-pocket. Suddenly a shapely hand, brown and small, drew the glass out of his reach.

"I am afraid you take that more than is good for you. Let me try to quiet you by reading instead."

He had never noticed his housekeeper particularly before. Now, too weak to resist, he lay back and gazed at her. An elderly woman with smooth white hair lying under a square of lace, with a dark face, and eyes that drooped habitually under sweeping black lashes. Nothing like Marion there, and yet it seemed Marion's very voice which, meant to lull him into repose, started him instead to intense excitement.

Next moment things surged before his sight, his face changed to a purple livid hue, the veins in his neck stood out dark and turgid. It was not his first attack of what one of his physicians had called apoplexy of the nerves.

Despite his command, another doctor found his way to his bedside—a bluff, hearty old man—who had held a long consultation with Mrs. Gray before he was admitted to the patient.

"Well, my lad, what is the matter with you? Heart-disease? Nonsense; you're no more heart-diseased than I have. I'll tell you what it is, fast enough. Did you ever hear of Cholorism?"

"No, never. I had the disease, but I don't interest in it had not manifested herefore."

"Now, listen. Is not this your daily routine? You are nervous and depressed, and what do you do—take chloroform. You have a burning in your head, brain confused, galloping pulse, and you take chloroform. Or you are chilled, pulse down to a mere thread, heart scarcely in motion, and you take chloroform. I'm not gifted with

second-sight, but that excellent creature, your housekeeper, has divined the cause of this mysterious illness of yours, and in every symptom I recognize the result of chloroform. You are adding by every dose to the fire which is already consuming you. Let the stuff alone, and you will be a well man in six months' time."

Tresdale protested. "It is my friend, doctor. It has given me the only rest I have known for a year."

"I had met with a loss. I was miserable and sleepless, but chloroform waded me into dreamless oblivion; it even dulled my anguish of mind."

"By sapping your natural emotions, leaving you incapable of any emotions save selfishness, irritability and despair. Chloroform is your tyrant and you are its slave—you will very soon be its victim, mark my words, unless you fling your bottle after the prescriptions which you sent to the fittest place they could go, considering your case."

Do any of you know what a Herculean task breaking such a habit implies!

Months afterward Tresdale looked back upon that darkened page of his life's history, and shuddering, wondered at the straits to which he had been reduced. Like clouded dreams came the recollection of delirious agony and suffering beyond the power of words to tell before nature triumphed over the injurious effects of the insidious drug he had so ignorantly taken; but, through them all, the knowledge of tender care, of cool hands and pitiful eyes, of a will which strengthened his when he might have given up the battle—which willed him back to life.

Then, one day, when all danger was past, Mrs. Gray appeared before him strangely transformed. The dark complexion was washed away, the gray front and lace headgear had been removed, and behold! was Marion's matchless face and golden braids that were bowed before him.

Kneeling, she spoke:

"Hear me, then, judge me if you will. What your friend told you was truth, but it was not all the truth. Gustave was my brother. His false claim was made to relieve me from the importunities of a lover whose generosity had been shamefully abused. What a wretch I must seem to you, and yet I loathed the life I was forced to lead. My father and brother had brought me up to play my part in the plots they formed, and so well tutored was I in the habit of obedience—woe to me had I disobeyed—that the question of right or wrong was scarcely considered."

Garth's love tempted me as a means of escape from them, but I put the temptation from me. I did not love him and I would not do him such a wrong, and I was thankful afterward when other release came. My father died in a cell, and my brother was sentenced to the State Prison. For the first time I was free to follow my better aspirations, and then, Mont, I began my life anew. I took another name, found honest employment, warm friends, and later—*you*. Oh, forgive me that I dared to believe I was done with the past and linked my life with yours."

Was he weak and unmanly that he forgave her? Remember, he had the picture in his mind of how she, believing him dying, had fought grim Death himself and snatched away his victim. Was he infatuated when he took her back with a firm faith in her true repentance of those sins for which she was the least responsible? Then it was an infatuation so fraught with good works, so crowned by noble results, so accompanied by heart-peace, that we may well envy it and him.

## THOUGHTS.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

Ever backward to the past,  
Thoughts are flying thick and fast,  
Thoughts that fill the eyes with tears,  
And the thoughts of pleasant years!  
Ever to the future valled  
Golden ships of thought have sailed;  
Ever to the future valled  
Loving fingers at the helms.  
Dear to us the thoughts that fly  
Ever upward to the sky  
Noble thoughts that never die!

## Silver Star, THE BOY KNIGHT; OR, The Mystery of Osman, the Outlaw.

A PRAIRIE ROMANCE.

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KIT TAKES THE COMPASS.

OUR friends took dinner in the grove, then mounting they set off upon the trail of the surveying party.

Old Kit, having the advantage of a horse, felt rejoiced at leaving his wife behind; but, hardly had he spoken his mock farewell, ere Sabina led a sorry-looking old mule from a thicket hard by, and mounting it came on and joined the party, a smile of triumph beaming upon her face.

"Please gracious, Kit Columbus Bandy, you've dodged me for the last time," the old woman exclaimed, pounding her mule with her umbrella.

"Oh, horn of Joshua!" groaned Kit, looking the sadness he could not express.

A compromise was effected between the husband and wife, for the time being, and all rode along harmoniously.

The trail of the surveyors was plain, the wheels of their wagon making a deep impression in the soil. They forded the White Earth and passing from among the wooded hills and bluffs entered the open prairie. Here the trail was more difficult to follow. The autumnal fires had not visited this part of the country, and a coat of thick dry grass covered the plain.

The keen eye of Silver Star, accustomed to the trail, was called into play, and so the party moved on, and about the middle of the afternoon the surveyors were discovered, heading northward, about a mile away.

Silver Star and Old Kit deployed themselves to the right to observe the movements of the party. They rode around—keeping in the low grounds—until they had gained a point where they could command a fair view of the whole corps of surveyors. The wagon was being drawn by four good mules, and followed by an escort of some ten mounted men. In advance was a man carrying a long pole with a red flag, and several shorter ones with white flags. Far behind were two men, and between these and the wagon were two more—all mounted but the last two.

"Oh-ho!" exclaimed Kit, after he had taken a look at the party through Silver Star's glass. "do you see the movements, my boy? Do you see Uncle Sam's devoted servants?"

"Yes. I can see them with the naked eye, but they are surveyors, Kit. We are on the wrong trail."

"Well, what makes you think so, Silver Star?"

"That's easy enough determined. That man in front is the flag-man; those two behind the wagon are the chain-bearers; you can see them at work—and those two away behind are the engineer or surveyor and his assistant. With the glass you can see his compass and staff easy enough."

"That's all so, boy, and you can see their guns and pistols, too. I tell you that's a clever trick to fool the unsophisticated; but it won't pan with me worth a cent. I've seen men go into the pulpit in ministerial robes, and yet be the hired servant of the devil. Now, Silver, I, Kit Bandy, know that there are no surveyors in this country or else they'd be escorted by the military. Old Arky and me made them feller's camp a visit 'o' other day, and we see'd all wasn't right then. No, that surveyin' business is all a

blind, and I'll bet ten to one that the gals are in that wagon."

"Then you must have positive proof of the fact," said the Boy Knight.

"I have, Silver; the girls are in that wagon."

"Then, by gracious, Kit, I—"

"Now hold on, Silver Star—set down and keep cool—don't let a brace of pretty gals make a plumb fool of you. I don't blame you for loving them, but if I could shake Sabina and smooth out these wrinkles and crow's-tracks on my ole face, I'd try to cut you out, boy."

"Well, if they have the girls then they are bad men, and I've a notion to begin wingin' them as I did the Indians yesterday. What do you say?"

"No, no, boy; you can't ever come that game with them freebooters, for that's what they are. You can see they are all well mounted, and the Ingins weren't. Besides, robbers always have fast horses, and there may be some in that gang that would discomf your gray. And there may be good marksmen there, too, with long-ranged rifles. Then again you haven't got black whirlwinds to ride in—no ridges, scarcely, to dodge behind. No, it will never do, boy; we've got to circumvent them does some way or other before they cross the Cheyenne and get into the hills."

"They're just about goin' to strike the Buffalo Pass crossin'," said Silver Star; "we might get in ahead of them and ambush them."

"We must keep them out of the Buffalo Pass, boy—to the right, and that give us a better chance. Oh, horn of Joshua! if I had about fifty of my braves here now I'd rake them ole outlaws from taw."

"Your braves? what do you mean by that, Kit?"

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed Kit; "why, boy, I am White Crane, the mysterious chief!"

"You're jokin', Kit!" exclaimed the boy.

"I am, am I? Didn't I save your bacon the night I met you at the Dead Fall? Didn't I shoot two of your braves next mornin' to get you out of your sticky?"

"Great miracles! a light bursts upon my mind. I see through that mystery. Why, man, how dare you serve two masters? You're a puzzle, Kit. You're a cheat—a fraud!"

"Well, I'll tell you all about it some day. It tickled Arkansas almost to death when I told him, but the best thing to be did is to rescind them gals. Now, I suggest that we creep down to the trail and capture that surveyor and his man, and then you and me run the helm awhile long enough to get them out of range of the Buffalo Pass."

"Good, Kit! good, White Crane! anything to be at work!"

The two descended the bluff they were on and rode back to their friends; and then they all galloped around almost to the head of the train, all the while keeping in the low valleys.

Leaving their horses and friends concealed behind a hill, Kit and Silver Star crept along through the tall grass of a long narrow slough until they came to where the wagon had crossed. Knowing that the surveyors and his man had crossed, they crept along, and his man had accomplished all he aimed at—had thrown the outlaws more than five miles out of their course.

"Well, Silver," the old man said, "we might as well ride back and meet the rest of the folks and hold a council of war—the war itself, if Sabina's there yet. All the skulduggery part is through with now, and next comes the blood and danger part."

They turned about and rode back along the trail and had gone but a short distance when they discovered Old Arkansas and Sparrowhawk riding toward them at the top of their animals' speed.

"What in the furries are up now?" exclaimed Kit.

"They surely haven't left that outlaw with that wife of yours," remarked Silver Star.

"In a moment the riders drew up before them."

"Good God, Bandy!" exclaimed Arkansas, "that man Braash got away from us!"

"He's asleep, Arky!"

"No; that infernal old woman of yours did it through confounded spite. You see, we mounted the prisoner on Silver Star's horse, and then hitched the horse to Sabina's mule, and when our backs were turned, she stole the hitch-pin, and before we could say Jack Robinson, the rascal put them big spurs into Prince's side and shot away like an arrow."

"Well, great Jehovah! that'll spile all our rangers' sense. Why didn't you strangle that woman!"

"Last we seed of her she was follerin' Herman Braash."

"Well, let 'er rip; we'll go through that robber camp afore mornin' just the same or my name's not Ka-ris-topher Ka-lumbus Bandy."

"Second motion," added Old Arkansas, eager for the fray.

Reaching the "marker," Kit dismounted, placed the staff by the flag and then adjusted the compass and liberated the needle. The flagman was in plain view, though nearly a mile away.

Kit took the field-glass and scanned the whole party before him carefully. The glass brought them so close that he almost shuddered. He saw the eyes of the flagman, a villainous-looking fellow, apparently looking right into his own face.

"I tell you, boy, they're armed like pirates and all good men—on good horses; but, that makes no difference. We must put them off the Buffalo Pass route, and throw them east. I see Herman, the bugger, was only runnin' on about one or two degrees bearin', but I'll pop her around to about ten degrees this time, and a little more next, and that'll about take us to the Open Wood Ford. Dast the needle, it dips and bows round too much to suit me—too much attractions. It reminds me of old Sabina when there's other ladies around me; but that, that's good enough."

The needle having settled, Old Kit glanced through the sights, then took off his hat in his right hand and held it out from him. The flagman understood the signal, and at once moved his pole several rods to the right, and was kept moving until Kit was afraid to go further for fear too much of a deviation at one time might arouse suspicion. It is true, the sun could not be seen, and so no one could tell exactly, the points of the compass, except those who have the compass; still Kit was afraid the outlaws might know the country better than he did.

When the flagman was given the signal to "stick"—by the surveyor raising both hands and holding them up as before, he gave them with a little flag and went on; while Kit, mounting his horse, rode on, laughing till his sides ached.

"Yesterday was your day, Silver Star," he said, "and to-day's mine. You were a wind-spirit and a civil engineer. Ho! ho! ho!—horn of Joshua! won't that be a billin' at camp when them fools ahead find out that we're running this helm-business. Sounds! if they'd a glass they might see that your clothes hangs looish on you, and that my legs are poked through this coat, but Herman's worse. Oh, but this is a scientific party—ha! ha! ha! But I wonder what Professor Daymon is with his maps and lofty intellect?"

The two rode on until they came to the next "marker," when Kit again set the compass and sight through the sights. As before, he gave their course a few degrees east bearing; and in this way they went on for some ten miles without detection. The last "set" made by the flagman brought him to the edge of the timber bordering the Big Cheyenne river.

It was now almost dark, and as old Kit knew the party would encamp at the river when they found they were out of their course, the old man was at a loss as to what he should do. They dare not go on, of course, and the absence of Herman and the Mexican might soon reveal the state of affairs. But after all, he had accomplished all he aimed at—had thrown the outlaws more than five miles out of their course.

"Well, Silver," the old man said, "we might as well ride back and meet the rest of the folks and hold a council of war—the war itself, if Sabina's there yet. All the skulduggery part is through with now, and next comes the blood and danger part."

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CHAPTER XXIV.

PIKE THOMAS, DETECTIVE.

ALL unconscious of what was going on behind them, the outlaws moved on until the river was reached. Herman Braash, the captain of the band and his servant Lavejoe, had remained behind as a rear-guard under the shallow pretense of conducting the survey. It is true they were moving across the open prairie, and the compass enabled them to keep a direct course so that it was useful as well as a disguise. The flagman was the real scout and guide of the party, though he yielded to the directions of the man at the helm for the reason that he had never attempted to cross the prairie to the Buffalo Pass. And thus double guarded, they moved rapidly forward, but to their surprise came out at Open Wood Crossing.

When the river was reached, all hands went to work preparing for the night, and while thus engaged, the man on guard announced the approach of a horseman from the east.

"Well," one of the party exclaimed, "who can it be? and why in the nation don't the captain and Lavejoe come in?"

No one answered for a no knew; but a moment later the man on guard announced the approach of a horseman from the east. Captain Braash had arrived.

A cry of astonishment burst from every lip, while one frightful oath after another issued from the captain's lips as his horse kept plunging about.

"Catch this horse, idiots!" he finally screamed.

A man caught the frightened, panting animal.

"Captain, what does this mean?" asked the man.

"It means that we are a set of stupid asses! Kit Bandy and that young hell-bound, Silver Star, waylaid me and Lavejoe, and after killing Lavejoe, forced me to surrender. I was then handcuffed by that infernal Bandy and placed on that horse; but, thanks to the jealousy of old Bandy's wife, who came up with Arkansas and another chap whom I recognized as Paul Osman, I managed to escape. She cut the hitch rein when the others' faces were turned and told me to go, and I went. You fellows have been guided here by old Kit Bandy and that boy, who took our coats, hats and instruments and followed in our places. I should think you could have seen you were not going to the Buffalo Pass."

"By the immaculate!" who'd 'd dreamed of such an infernal trick!" exclaimed the flagman; "everything went along as usual—I detected nothing."

"Ah! them fellows are cunning devils. All our attempts to throw them off the track of the girls have been mere boys' play. We'll have to fight our way through now, and we'll do thunderin' well if we get the train through at all. But they'll never get them girls alive, now mind! Here, some of you fellows, get these handcuffs off my wrist. Curse that Bandy! This tells me that he's a sneak-in' old Government hireling."

After the irons were removed from the captain's wrists, he personally superintended the arrangement of the camp; and while thus engaged the approach of another horseman

through the gathering twilight was announced.

A few minutes later, Sabina Bandy came "pegging" into camp upon her old mule.

The outlaws jeered and hooted as she came up, but the captain quickly put an end to this by informing them that she was the woman that had liberated him.

"Why have you come here, Mrs. Bandy?" the outlaw asked, advancing to where she had drawn rein and dismounted.

"Because I wanted to tell you that old Kit Bandy, my lawfully-wedded husband, is in love with one of them gals in your wagon. That's exactly why I come."

"How do you know there's girls in that wagon?"

"Why, I heard old Kit say so; and as he's got his ole big nose into everything, I reckoned he knowed; and as I was sayin', he's in love with one of them girls and will raise the old fury till he gets her into his clutches; but please gracious, I, his broken-hearted wife, have determined he'll never take another woman to share his bed and board as long as my head's cold, and my tongue can wag. I followed you a-purpose to tell you to be on your guard or he'll go through your camp this blessed night. Double and terrible your guards round them gals. He beat me once; now I'm goin' to spend the rest of my life tryin' to beat him."

"I am under great and lasting obligations to you, Mrs. Bandy," said the outlaw captain, "for giving me this timely warning. I fully sympathize with you in your worse than widowhood, and will endeavor to give you a decree of divorce the first opportunity by putting a bullet through that old Bandy's brain. Now, Mrs. Bandy, I extend to you the hospitality of my camp, such as it is, for the night. It is going to rain, I fear, and will be a bad, dismal night for a woman to be out."

"I'm a poor, lone woman and have got awful rude and sunburnt riding around after Old Kit Bandy; but the man that does question my good name's a dead man, so I reckon I don't care if I do stop with you as long as thar's other weemin' folks in your company."

"You may share the wagon with our lady friends if you wish," was the generous freebooter's offer.

"I don't know as young, flippety-flappety girls care 'bout sociatin' with an old woman, but I'm as good as they dare be, Mr. Brasher, and if they don't like me they can git out with their rickety manners and pride. If you fellows'll just look after Jerusalem, my mule, I'll be obliged to you."

Considering what she had done for him, and her warning as to Bandy's designs, the outlaw captain could not find it in his heart to mistrust the crazy old woman; and she designs upon his confidence, and so he conducted her to the wagon, and raising the cover hanging over the forward end, he said:

"Girls, if you wish a few minutes' exercise, you have the privilege of getting out and walking around. Mrs. Bandy, here, will keep you company."

"Yes, gals; come, hop out and take a little promenade with old Aunt Sabina Bandy," added the old woman.

"Oh, Mrs. Bandy!" exclaimed the captive maidens, starting up as if with joy at sound of old woman's voice.

"Ah! I see you recognize Mrs. Bandy—have met before," said the outlaw chief, in surprise.

"Oh, yes," said Sabina, "I've seed 'em both afore; and ar'n't they pretty darlins', Mr. Brack! No wonder Old Kit Bandy's mighty distracted 'bout them."

The faces of the maidens wore a look of hopeless despondency. Their eyes were red with weeping, and their bodies weak and sore with long confinement. Gladly they accepted the invitation to a walk, and getting out of the wagon, each accepted an arm of Mrs. Bandy and moved slowly away toward the river, an armed guard keeping a strict watch upon them.

In the course of an hour the three were taken back to the wagon and placed therein. Mrs. Bandy's tongue ran incessantly, Old Kit being the chief object of discussion.

As the robber chief had predicted, the deep blue haze of Indian summer thickened into lowering clouds, and about dark a slow, drizzling rain set in. This made the outlaws all the more uneasy, for it would be an advantage to the Old Kit Bandy's operations, while it would be a disadvantage to them. To thwart Kit's plans, however, should an attempt to release the girls be made, the outlaw chief conceived an idea which he at once proceeded to carry into execution.

The stream before them was about six rods wide, three feet deep, and rather swift; and into the very center of this the wagon, with the women, was drawn, to be left for the night.

When old Sabina saw what was intended, she thrust her head out under the canvas cover and shouted:





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We commence in this number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL a series of biographic and personal sketches of typical women of the present and past. To give it a varied and unique value we shall alternate the fine work of the late Mrs. E. F. Ellet with that of Dr. Legrand—an old favorite of our readers in the historic field; and thus in the course of the season the SATURDAY JOURNAL audience will have added greatly to its store of mind treasures.

Good writers ought to make good legislators, for they are pretty sure to know what they want and the best mode of presenting their case. We see by the Iowa press that our contributor, Oil Coomes, now in the legislature of that State in his first term is not an idle or useless member. He goes to work like an old hand. The knotty yet exceedingly important question of the right of the State to regulate the rates and service of railways within its limits, and the rights of the railway corporations to regulate their own affairs Mr. Coomes meets in a statesmanlike way by proposing a regular commission which shall have control of the whole matter at issue between the people and the railways—similar to the Massachusetts law, and which has worked so well. This is a sensible solution of a difficult problem and is just what might be expected from a writer for the SATURDAY JOURNAL!

**A WORD FOR THE FLOWERS.**—If we do not all become Amateur Flower Culturists, it will not be from lack of sources of information. The various seedsmen's catalogues are so admirable in description, and so full of correct directions for culture that their study is exceedingly pleasant, even for those who have no garden, while for those who have their plot of ground the neat and pretty books (for such they are, in many cases) supplied either free or at trifling cost, are all that can be desired. It is a good work these men are doing—disseminating a wide-spread taste for and knowledge of flowers; and though they thus advertise their "goods" they are none the less public benefactors, whose contribution to the fund of general intelligence and specific information must be acknowledged by every observant person. We take pleasure in advertising occasionally to them to encourage our readers in the pursuit of what certainly is a most pleasant, healthful, and, not unfrequently, a very profitable pursuit—the culture of flowers. The Catalogues with which we are familiar are those of James Vick, and Briggs & Bros., of Rochester, and Bliss & Co., Thornburn, Peter Henderson, and Wm. H. Carson of New York City.

"If the story is not suitable for your paper will you kindly name its chief faults?"

As we have again and again announced that we cannot add to our onerous editorial work the gratuitous and always thankless service of critic and school-master, we can only account for a renewal of the request on the supposition that each writer deems himself or herself an exception to all necessary general rules.

It is, we suppose, just like each one's child; to say that that particular darling is not an exception to children in general is proof positive that we either know too little or know too much; but, when it happens that the number of bright particular darlings equal in count the aggregate of children *en masse*, we must, in sheer despair, find excuse in a class or 'lump' classification for not praising every snub-nose, sausage-face epitome of humanity thrust into our arms for compliment and candy.

If writers will just imagine the similarity of situation with respect to contributions and babies they will see how impossible it is for us to consent to make exceptions to a good standing order. To 'give reasons' is to embark on a sea of troubles that in time would wear away even the rocky heart of Shakespeare's "vexed Bermoothes." None of that sea for us in these perplexed days!

### Sunshine Papers.

#### Know Your Own Door.

A MAN applied to a friend of mine, a day or so ago, for the privilege of varnishing, or oiling, her front door. He would do the work for a small remuneration, and so finely that "You won't know your own door, madam, when I'm through."

That would instantly settle the case for me, thought I. If you please, I prefer to know my own door. It would be rather awkward to be walking into other people's houses, without leave or license. Besides there are plenty of people in the world, now, who do not know their own doors; some, on occasion—some, the majority of the time.

Young scapegrace, across the street, frequently comes home in the "we sma' hours," with a very muddled consciousness regarding the exact locality of his own door. He always has a peculiar look the next morning. So peculiar, that you feel sure he made a fool of himself the night before. His eyes are red and heavy, he has a hang-dog way of carrying himself, and a generally dilapidated, headachy, shamed face about him. And his mother, herself, airs, and cleans, and arranges his room that day, and looks tearful and broken-hearted.

Mr. Ostentation, who lives up the street, and makes a great show of his prosperity, his charity, his stern morality, and his church connection, occasionally attends a committee meeting, or a board meeting, or a club meeting, where none of his strictly virtuous acquaintances may be found, and comes home decidedly at a loss as to where to find his own door. But, bless us! if any one hears of it they only smile, and say:

"Why it's nothing, my dear! They all do it! Just a few glasses too much of wine! A gentleman like him could not refuse to drink at a dinner, you know; it would look so vulgar and ill-bred! The very fact that he was so affected, shows that the good man was not accustomed to such excesses! Oh, it is not the least to his discredit!"

"So say we all of us," for Mr. Ostentation is rich; we like to associate with his handsomely-dressed wife, we like our children to be seen walking, arm-in-arm, with his children from school; we like to be invited to his elegantly-furnished home, we like to read our subscription lists with his large donation; we like to hear him denounce "wickedness in high places" and tell how he hopes that our city will select an upright man for the next mayoralty (meaning himself); we like to have him pay the largest pew-rent and largest premium for an uppermost seat in our special synagogue.

But, there is Mr. Lowly, lives around the corner. He has been out of work for eleven months; his family are getting awfully pinched for want of a sufficiency of food and clothing, and he is nearly desperate, as day by day goes by, and he can find no steady employment, where none of his strictly virtuous acquaintances may be found, and comes home decidedly at a loss as to where to find his own door. But, bless us! if any one hears of it they only smile, and say:

"Why it's nothing, my dear! They all do it! Just a few glasses too much of wine! A gentleman like him could not refuse to drink at a dinner, you know; it would look so vulgar and ill-bred! The very fact that he was so affected, shows that the good man was not accustomed to such excesses! Oh, it is not the least to his discredit!"

In fact, they are all exceedingly neighborly! And they all forget that Mrs. Scapegrace's son often does not know his own door, and that Mr. Ostentation occasionally does not know his own door, and that they have some relative who has been known to get into a wrong house, or a station-house, over night, and that they, themselves—oh, pray whisper it!—once drank half a glass of ale and had to lie on the sofa for some hours afterward! But, then, we all know that forgetfulness is ever so much nicer than remembrance, upon certain occasions. Memories are as convenient little articles as ever were created; they seem to work by a double set of springs; you touch one set, and memory becomes excessively short, and narrow, and diminutive, every way; you touch the other set and memory instantly becomes inconveniently large.

But, altogether, not knowing one's own door, is a very bad state to be in—though if you are real rich you can buy plenty of excuses—and I would advise you, my friend, not to spend any money in a way which will result in such a deplorable degradation of your mental powers!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### NEEDED WORDS.

"HONOR thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

From my childhood I have always been taught to respect the aged, and I just as willingly want to vote as to say harsh or cruel things against Grandma Lawless—bless her dear, good, honest soul! But, when I look about and notice how much disrespect there is shown to those whose heads are whitened by age, and the snappish way they are spoken to, and the spiteful way of it, it makes one heart-sick, and one longs to give these disrespecters of age a talking to, and sometimes I do so.

A very flippant young miss, who seems to imagine she is much of much finer day than the rest of us "poor miserable creatures," possesses that hateful trait of not reverencing old age. I don't know but she considers that I should be put in a straight-jacket, or have my ears pulled for writing in so direct a manner as I do. Yet I don't care for that; I am strong enough to bear all the epithets bestowed upon me, but I will not stand calmly by and see the aged insulted. And that this saint-like miss does insult the aged, I have proof positive.

One day, when she called at the Lawless mansion, she was very free in her remarks, and was continually abusing an individual whom she styled "Old Moll," who appeared to have all the faults in the world. I was at a loss to know who "Old Moll" was; and, when I don't know all I want to concerning certain matters, I am prone to ask questions. The mystery leaked out, and "Old Moll" proved to be this girl's own grandmother.

I knew this grandmother, and I knew her to be a self-sacrificing, generous woman, who deprived herself of many things that this very miss and her brothers and sisters—parents as well—might not suffer, and, had it not been for her, the whole tribe might have been in the poorhouse, long ago.

And if you upbraided this angelic miss with her conduct, she would say she "wished her grandmother was a Christian." Yes, that is the string she harps on all the time, in prayer meetin' and out of prayer meetin', until she seems to forget that she had best be minding her own business.

Not a Christian! Is it not Christianlike to help another, to work for others' welfare, to keep the hungry from starving and help to clothe the naked? And is this young miss a Christian? Her reply is that she is. Well, a great many of us imagine that we are actually the reverse of what we really are. But, is it Christianlike to treat with disrespect the aged, to sit at home in idleness while a poor old relative walks several miles to the store for necessities of life, that the younger members should obtain, then go to prayer meetin' and on the way home roundly abuse one's relations and neighbors? I don't like such Christianity, and I don't believe the Lord approves of it. There's too much cant, and too little justice in it.

Those who respect the aged cannot have very bad hearts; there must be some germ of goodness in their composition. I do so love to see people kind to and thoughtful of their elders, and I can't believe one is a whit the worse for showing this kindness, but I can believe they are made better. Remember, time flies and the years pass speedily away. It will not be long ere you and I, who are now young, will be aged and we'll want some one to make our departing years easier. We'll not want to be wished out of the way; we'll not want to think we are of no use; that there is no room for us; that every mouthful we eat is begrudged to us. I am sure I shall not. But, if we neglect those who are now old we must expect to be neglected when we, ourselves, become aged, and what a dreadful thought that is! All our love for the old, our care for and attention to them, is never wasted; it will be returned to us, if not by them, by others; if not now, then in the future, when we shall have need of it.

Why should we strive to make their life-paths thornier? Why put them in the shade when they need the sunshine? When gentleness pays more interest than harshness, why should we invest more in the latter than the former? These are questions which should come home to us, and can we answer them truly by saying—"because we think it is right we should do so?"

EVE LAWLESS.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### Concerning Man.

MAN was one among the first human beings on the earth.

He was given dominion over all the beasts of the field, but it is for him to see him run away from a little yellow dog or yell "git out," and his influence on a cat-fight at night is very subdued.

Darwin says he was originally an ape. He was said to have been created perfect. He then has lost much of his original attributes.

There are a great many species of man. In fact, there are all kinds and other varieties.

He is endowed with great reasoning powers, yet for the life of him he cannot tell why the style of women's hats must change once every month. He is great at finding out, but he can no more tell why a woman must be amiable away from home and cross at home than he can fly—into a passion about it and make it any better.

The principal letter in the alphabet of his life is, and it is always a capital; among the small letters he always places a "f." If he is called the lord of creation. If he has no excuse he can create one; he can create a dispute or a disturbance equally well.

Man born of woman and out of money is in a few days full of trouble.

Mankind is glorious, but man unkind is horrible to contemplate.

Man is said to be the author of his own misfortune. It is a large book; all rights (or wrongs) reserved by the author, as it is copyrighted.

He was given dominion over the fowls of the air yet he never put salt on a bird's tail, unless it might be a quail's on toast.

Man is endowed with a mind that is far above his neighbor's. He measures the distances of the stars and calls them by their wrong names; but his own ways are not finding out.

Man in Massachusetts is the inferior being—a woman having the superiority by several thousand.

Man is supposed to be about six thousand years of age—enough years to last a man his lifetime.

Man is a strange animal, but it is not altogether known as being wild. If it exhibited any such symptoms its wife has been known to manage it with consummate tact and it has become pretty tame.

Man prides himself on the precedence of his birth, and loves to assure his wife that woman was made from a rib taken from his fore-

father's side, and as a consequence this has been the bone of contention, and not of content, ever since that important event. That bone has been the skeleton in many a house to this day.

When a man gets to thinking that he knows about all the little things pretty much that mortals were divinely intended to know, he can start a pretty good-sized lunatic asylum on his own hook without having to advertise for patients. Some men the older they get the more they don't know, and they are proud of it.

One thing that characterizes man, from all other animals is that he is capable of forming opinions of himself—and others; more of himself than others. His opinions of himself are his own and why try to despoil him of their comfort? A man has a right to think as much of himself as of anybody else, and he does it. Having originally lost a rib the chief end of man seems to be to get another rib, and then comes the rib-bone.

Man lives in the expectation of being somebody or somebody else, and is apt, if he strives, to make his mark—on every thing he touches, especially if his fingers are dirty.

There are seven ages of man; the crib-age, the cab-age, the non-age, the sauce-age, the break-age, the mar-riage and the dot-age.

Man from the earliest ages has figured pretty extensively in the history of various nations of the earth; he is pretty generally with the people, and is included among the masses; but a man is only a man when he conducts himself like a man and is known by his manners.

A man who will do unto a fellow-man what his fellow-man has done unto him isn't the smallest half of a man; but when his wash-woman sends home his week's washing with everything on them but the buttons he has a perfect right according to the latest revised statutes to relax a little in his manliness and modestly employ a reasonable number of Latin expletives—that is, if he reasonably thinks he can swear half the buttons on again.

Man is divided into two general classes, Big man and Little man. There are none of the latter class on this globe.

Man will take up arms in the defense of his home and boldly battle for it, sometimes even with his mother-in-law, defending his threshold against all invaders with heroic determination—unless it might be burglars, when in that case, he might fortify himself under the bed or serve as a rear guard to his wife.

Man is formed pretty much all over the face and the back of the globe, and in some parts of Louisiana, but the drunken man who lost his hat with the brick still in it which you light-heartedly but heavily footed kicked off the sidewalk on the first end of last April, you will never find, and you need not walk around on one foot to hunt him.

The boy is father to the man. This truth was forcibly impressed upon me when I read on a sign yesterday, "John Crinklepin and Father—Attorneys at Law." It seems reasonable beyond any number of doubts, because I know a good many boys who are older than their paternal parents.

Man is endowed with great perceptive faculties and can divine hidden things, but I'll bet the next dollar I make off my neighbor in a trade that there is not one man in a hundred who can wake up at midnight and guess within forty feet of just where his clothes are scattered; and at morning it looks like a man had been shipwrecked in a wind-storm. Man is of a high order but he lacks the order.

Manfully yours,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

### Topics of the Time

A disposition to economize was never more favorably assisted by fashion than at the present time. It is not uncommon to see three different fabrics in one rich costume, and quite as great a liberty is permitted to the frugal mind bent upon making use of anything that is useful. Figured silks and plain black silks supply a handsome toilet for those who do not desire to go to the expense of purchasing embossed velvets, which appear in combination with plain silks, and the charming armor silks are supplying a need long felt in silk materials.

The recent hazing expose with which Princeton College—staid old Presbyterian Princeton—regales us is a sad evidence of the combined inefficiency of a college faculty and the innate depravity of students. The Sophs brutally misuse a Fresh—so brutally indeed that his fellows, aroused to resentment, proceed in a body to the room of the leader of the Sophs and deliberately shave his head. He retorts, when released, by using a pistol, and the affair ends by his being shot and severely wounded. It is a disgrace that such a custom as hazing should be treated otherwise than with the severest penalty of the law against ruffianly assault, and we sincerely hope every boy in Princeton identified with the late outrages will be made to appease his appetite for "fun" inside of a prison-cell, where a six-months season of reflection may teach him that a young "gentleman" who is a ruffian is equally a disgrace to himself, his family and the college he discredits.

The hue and cry against American fast life and the overwork and excitement that cause premature death is not sustained by facts. Men in the vigor of their faculties are common enough at seventy. Here we have, of citizens known to all, Henry C. Carey, William Cullen Bryant and Peter Cooper, still at work at the age of 85. And Mr. Cameron is in his 80th year, and by no means ready to fall asleep while his administration lasts. Horace Binney, waiting but three years of being a century, was but recently buried in Philadelphia, after a very exciting and active life, and recalling other prominent men whose lives were active and laborious, there was Webster, who lived to 70 years; Clay, to 75; Benton, an additional year; Chief Justice Marshall, 80; John Quincy Adams, 81; Thomas Jefferson, 83; Lewis Cass, 84; and Chief Justice Taney, 87. The list can be easily extended, and the more it is examined the more fully it will be proved that American life is no more deadly than European, and the professional life has as good chances of continuance here as there.

In Dr. Legrand's sketch of Christopher Columbus, published in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, No. 342 (Sept. 30, 1876), it is stated that the great discoverer's remains were brought from Seville, Spain, as ordered in his will, and interred in Santo Domingo; but were long afterward (January, 1793) taken up and transferred to the right side of the altar of the great cathedral in Havana, Cuba, with extraordinary and imposing ceremony. It has lately transpired that the whole reburial was an imposture, and that the bones of the admiral yet repose in their original resting-place. An English scientific man writes to *Nature*: "The remains of Christopher Columbus are to-day in Santo Domingo. Unfortunately I am not able now to send you the full data. Suffice it to say that the chain of all possible precaution, and has been verified with the most scrupulous care. The chest was perforated by a true member of the 'Cabillo,' who had the knowledge, the tact and the unscrupulousness to perpetrate it successfully. The whole consular corps, all the Government officials and the better class, alike of natives and foreigners, at the time in Santo Domingo City are witnesses of the authenticity of the 'find.'"

### Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "An Old Maid," "The Last of the Year," "A Poor Millionaire," "The Best of All," "When Daisies Come," "Postscript," "Motions," "How Many Lost," "Mary's Little Man," "The Lover That's True."

Declined: "The Doctor's Romance," "An Old Maid's Story," "A Space in the Air," "Who We Know," "Mason against Mason," "The Picky John," "The Chinaman's Pappoose," "Big Bigging," "A Wonderful Boy," "When Jane meets Jane."

**EXPLORE.** There is no "erasing fluid." An acid is used in erasing, and the acid is very cheap, and paraffin, and chlorine is then used to bleach the discolored. Your chirography is good.

**JEHU.** Having had no practical experience with the telephone we cannot express our opinion. As it is coming into everyday use in the Departments at Washington, and is usefully applied elsewhere between offices and houses widely separated, we see no obstacle in its wide-spread adoption.

**CLAY-MIND.** There is no method of obtaining position of captain's clerk but by applying to ship-owner or captain. It is well enough to study navigation, but, in these days of steam, unless you really expect to sail a vessel as an officer, you will not be called upon for much "sailor knowledge."

**MRS. S. L. K.** In your State a married woman can hold property in her own name, may make contracts, sue and be sued, and dispose of her property by will, and, in case of her death without a will, her husband is excluded from any share in her estate. Your husband's course, we should say, amounted to coercion. Keep your property rights in your own name.

**PINEY-WOOD SCRATCHER.** We have no means of knowing the price of land in the county named. Land in North Carolina are, as a rule, very cheap, and no State, we are told, offers greater inducements to colonies. Single settlers probably would find it rather lonely and isolated, and too remote from market. Should say all things considered, that you will be better suited in Tennessee.

**ABRAHAM ROUND-THE-CORNER.** Consult any school map. The Bosphorus is the river, or channel, leading from the Black Sea to the sea of Marmora. The Dardanelles is the river or channel from the sea of Marmora to the Mediterranean. The two forts, at the Southern end of this channel, are really the true Dardanelles and from the name they have obtained its name. The term, Golden Horn, is applied to the harbor of Constantinople, which is a half moon in shape.

**LITERARY.** We do not remember to have seen Starr King's list of one hundred books for self-culture. We can guess what many of them must be. The list must be so chosen as to have each volume supplement another, to form a consistency of subject and information. We presume the Boston "Literary World" will give you the actual list if you suggest its publication. An excellent aid, in and guide to, the choice of books to buy and read is Putnam's Library Companion.

**DOCKET No. 2.** Take the candy to some chemist. The coloring matter may have been—probably was—poisonous, for candy is not so scrupulous to use arsenical coloring matter. Many of the so-called aniline colors are poisonous. As sugar is but ten cents per pound, and the cheapest candy is sold from twenty to thirty cents, the profit is too great to excuse adulteration, yet enormous quantities of flour, corn-starch, white clay and gelatine are used by confectioners in the manufacture of candy. The rule, we are assured, is the exception, not the rule, we are assured.

**MIDDLEBORN BOY.** Such a list of sketches as those you speak of ran through the Journal in 1876. Should recommend for you to get Higginson's "Youth's History of America." It is a very interesting work. The Turks were originally Turcomans or Tartars. They are an Asiatic, not European race. A Turk not a Mohammedan would be a very different thing. The most enlightened and best educated of the race—and many of them are well educated—are followers of the Prophet; hence their very civilization is antagonistic to European ideas. They will either abjure Mohammedanism or leave Europe.

**ANASTASIA.** It is difficult to advise you. You certainly are entitled to a fair return for your labors. The idea of becoming a nurse is not a bad one if you can gain admission to a respectable hospital, and suggest for you to write first to the directors of your own State Asylum, which each have their hospitals or sick wards; next, to hospitals in Philadelphia and New York. If you can get a considerable number, or, if no list of these is attainable, write to the Directors of St. John's Hospital, New York, and the Lady's Dressing Room, which assist you. Places are not easily obtained, but persevere. Would it not be better, after all, to start right out and learn the dressmaking trade?

**F. B. S. (Philadelphia).** You can hardly expect anything but broken promises from a young woman of such character as to frequent the places to which you refer. No respectable girl, be she ever so poor and illiterate, but would shrink with disgust from being seen in such "places of entertainment," and the fact that the girl to whom you refer has been in the habit of frequenting such places, and continues to do so, despite your advice, is a very strong indication that she is entirely unworthy your love. Only a complete reformation in her conduct, can make her worthy to become an intimate friend of a young man. We would suggest that young men who desire lady-like and modest girls for sweethearts, should be as careful in their own conduct, and as irreproachable in their morals, as they desire the women to be, whom they seek to marry.

**A CONSTANT READER.** (Atlanta, Ga.) writes: "Please be so kind as to answer the following questions: Give me a list of American Poets. The latest style in arranging the names of poets is to be seen in such 'places of entertainment,' and the fact that the girl to whom you refer has been in the habit of frequenting such places, and continues to do so, despite your advice, is a very strong indication that she is entirely unworthy your love. Only a complete reformation in her conduct, can make her worthy to become an intimate friend of a young man. We would suggest that young men who desire lady-like and modest girls for sweethearts, should be as careful in their own conduct, and as irreproachable in their morals, as they desire the women to be, whom they seek to marry."

**KATIE L.** writes: "Please tell me who were the Fates, and what they did? Who were the Graces and the Muses? Is 'Oedipus' a girl's name? I hope you won't think me so troublesome as to throw my letter aside." The Fates were three powerful goddesses, called by the ancients Parcae. They were represented as old women. Clotho held a distaff, and was supposed to preside over the birth of mortals, and spin the thread of their lives. Lachesis held a spindle, presided over the fate of continued spinning the thread of life. Atropos held scissors, and presided over death, cutting the thread of life. "The Graces or Grætiæ, also called Charities, were the daughters of Jupiter and Venus. They were constant attendants on the beautiful Venus, and were, themselves, young, beautiful and modest. Their names were Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Phrynosyne. The Muses, or Muses, were the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. There were nine of these goddesses, Clio, muse of history, who was crowned with laurels, and held a trumpet in one hand, a book in the other; Euterpe, muse of music, and supposed to be the inventress of the flute and the lyre; Thalia, muse of comedy, who was crowned with roses, and held a scepter in her right hand, and a shepherd's crook; Melpomene, muse of tragedy, her garments were splendid, and she held a dagger in one hand, a scepter and crown in the other; Terpsichore, muse of dancing, of which she was considered the inventress; Erato, muse of lyric, tender, and amorous poetry; Polyhymnia, muse of singing and rhetoric, was veiled in white, a crown of jewels on her head, and a scepter in her left hand; Calliope, muse of eloquence and heroic poetry; Urania, muse of astronomy, was dressed in azure, and held in her hand a globe and mathematical instruments. All of these were mythological characters, worshipped in ancient Greece. You should study mythology. It is interesting and instructive. Oedipus is a name used for both boys and girls; sometimes it is spelled Oedipus for girls. We are always glad to answer our correspondents with advice and instruction. Instead of saying "I hope you won't think," etc., you should have written, "I hope you will not," etc. "Won't" is not a correct term to use under any circumstances.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



## BY G. W.

A home of beauty, where the past is cherished,  
 Each common thing made radiant in the light;  
 No gleam of love or beauty that has perished,  
 But here, relimned, is clear to inward sight.

MYRA CLARK GAINES.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

came to her going to Washington. The correspondence had passed through Clara business partners, and it is said they were interested in suppressing his letters, and destroying those given them by the wife, to be forwarded. At any rate, communication ceased between the separated pair. The anguish and hope deferred, the yearning for a reunion, the loss of his love and the husband's love, that he was tired of her, and determined to disown her, may be imagined, but cannot be portrayed. Zulime appears to have possessed one of those soft, clinging natures that m

first she might try her various actions; in last immure her enemies. There are thousands of counter claimants and incumbents on property owned by her. Their only hope seems to be in wearing out her patience by petty litigation. She has extensive property in the city and in the country. She has extensive property in the city and in the country. She has extensive property in the city and in the country.

of one of the aristocratic, beautiful daughters of Mr. Benjamin Cameron, the great, immensely wealthy mill-owner, and—and—Bertie Avon beside her, looking contented and happy though there were no such things as misery and disappointment in the world.

pass—walked out of the door to see, standing on the sidewalk, Bertie Averill!

He went up to her instantly.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you, Grey."

TEMPT ME NOT!

BY FREDERICK C. KURZ.

Would you chide me, or get angry?  
Would you in a passion fly?  
Would you smile, or would you gently  
Beneath your hand my cheek would cry?  
Should you chide me, I'd reproved be,  
Or be penitent, I may;  
Should you cry, 't would be my duty,  
For to kiss the tears away.

Yet I know you'll not be crying,  
Nor be angry, with me, nor with me;  
'Tis your fault, and your fault only;  
You ought not so pretty be;  
You must not, must not be smiling,  
For to me it would give pain—  
If I found once not sufficient,  
You I'd have to kiss again.

The Little Quakeress;

OR

## THE NAVAL CADET'S WOOING.

ance of the Best Society of the  
Penn City.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HAUNTED BOUDOIR.

—*Cast off that gambler who does not love  
—return to thy cousin that of which thou  
robbed her—and thou shalt be happy.*”



"Never!" exclaimed Myra, excitedly, at last aroused to the desperation of retorting on this ghostly adviser. "That girl is no cousin of mine—in her blood is the taint of slavery, and the Wainwright money shall never go to a creature whose veins run impure streams."

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the ghost, derisively.

"Come, Lizette, come away!" and the mistress dragged the maid after her.

"What do you think of this?" she asked, when they had shut themselves in the chamber, across the corridor.

"Mademoiselle," answered the French girl, "Je le pense très mystérieux."

"But Mr. Garwell says it is all trickery."

"Is there any one in your household who could or would be guilty of it, mademoiselle?"

"Ah, there it is, Lizette! Nearly all the servants in the house have been changed since this thing began; besides, who is there knows the secrets of our family?"

The French girl shook her pretty head and looked puzzled; evidently the matter was too deep for her.

"You go bring me my dress and jewel-casket, Lizette; it is time to dress for dinner. I will not put my foot in that chamber again, if I can help it."

While Lizette was assisting at the elaborate toilet, went to the foreign woman wanted to see the mistress.

"Tell her Olive, and she will comprehend," was the message she sent, miss," said the servant.

"Very well, I will be down in five minutes. And remember, while she remains I am at home to no one else. So, she is back quickly," she muttered to herself.

Lizette clasped the necklace about her white neck, pinned the scintillating butterfly in her hair, and gave her her fan and handkerchief, and Myra, with a beating heart and a flush growing in her cheeks, went down to meet this visitor, to whom she always gave a private audience.

The woman had gone, according to her former custom, to the boudoir; and then Myra followed her, not liking the room, but yet not afraid to occupy it with another.

A long interview followed, and then the Cuban went away. When she was gone Myra came up-stairs to the room in which Lizette sat, and the girl, glancing up, saw that her cheeks were as red as roses and her eyes bright as stars, while a strange excitement seemed to possess her which prevented her sitting down or resting one minute.

Presently it grew dark, but she still walked restlessly about, until, pausing at the window, she cried to herself, "There's John!" and ran down to meet him.

John came to dinner every evening. There was rarely other company, except the companion "a quiet, good lady, who could hear nothing unless it was shouted at her, and who had been engaged to play propriety by the young hostess."

When the dinner on this particular evening had been discussed the conversation turned to the drawing-room, while the companion took her crocheting to the library across the hall. Myra was anxious to be alone with John, for she had something to tell him which she had often longed to do, but had not had the liberty until now—something which she knew would be sure to put him in high spirits.

As they began, after a habit of theirs, to walk up and down, arm-in-arm, John, when he came to the boudoir-door, opened that and extended the field of their promenade.

"You are a little afraid of this pretty room, I believe, fairy; but we will take it in the course of our exercise—I like plenty of space, you see. Now, little one, what is it you have to tell me which is so important?"

"I shall speak in a whisper, John dear, for I'm certain that these walls have ears whether any others ever had or not. Well, the Cuban woman, Olive, is back here. I had a long talk with her to-day."

"Indeed! What new revelation did she make?"

He spoke with restrained eagerness. "She fully confirmed a statement she made me when she was here before. I have not spoken of it to you because I was not certain that I could entirely trust her. She is coming back here to-night—it is almost time for her now, and she will explain to me, at my request, all that she has explained to me. I thought you would understand and enjoy it more from her lips. She is a strange creature; she has done things not quite right; but since they all accrue to our advantage, John, why should we quarrel with her?"

"I never quarrel with my bread-and-butter," remarked John Garwell, with an unpleasant smile. "I shall not find fault with this person, if she brings us good news."

"She does—magnificent news! There she is, now!" as a voice was heard in the hall with the shutting of a door.

Olive, the Cuban, walked straight into the boudoir, although the Cuban had made an effort to show her into the drawing-room.

"It is better she should remain there, in case of our being interrupted," said John, and the two went in and closed the doors.

John was conscious of a pair of piercing eyes which made him strangely uneasy, they seemed to look so keenly into his very heart—and John's heart was one which could not bear close inspection. He saw a woman who must once have been very handsome; the brilliancy of her eyes was remarkable; and her dark smooth skin must once have been rich tints. Her figure was still tall and fine, and she bore herself with a certain majesty which conveyed an idea of power.

Garwell spoke to her with sufficient deference, for he had too much cunning not to wish to please her.

"I have sold my information to this lady," she said to him, after some preliminary conversation, "for a sum which will answer my purposes for a long time. After request I will give you a few leading facts, so that you may see just how she stands in this matter of property. She is like to have told you what I told her on our first interview, and which explains Cyril Wainwright's will. That will be made after a visit I paid him not long before he died. To be as brief as possible, the lady he married was his sister, who had fancied that he was in love with her; and when she found that it was her younger sister, she cherished in her bosom a fury of jealousy. She married a man she didn't like, to be the less suspected in her real feelings. She could not live unless she could be revenged. Well, Mrs. Cyril Wainwright had a son, and the child died. I shall not tell you how. Afterward she had a daughter; and as I gave birth to a daughter, also, on the previous night—though it was pretended at first to be a boy and not to have come till afterward, for certain reasons—and I was bribed, for a large sum, by Donna Marie, the jealous sister, to put my child in the place of the little heiress, and take hers to be brought up in a low condition, as my child would be likely to be brought up. I did it—I exchanged the children."

"Well, after a few years, the true child of Cyril Wainwright died, and I kept still, and said nothing. He had then been gone from Cuba for three years. I let things go on, and Donna Marie always made me presents and paid me well. But I wanted to have my revenge, too—far to tell you the truth, I was in love with the gentleman, too, before he was married, and showed my fondness for him, plain enough; but he scolded me for it, and told me I wasn't a good girl to act so, and so I was dreadfully angry with him—for we Southern women have just awful tempers, and that's the truth."

"So, when his child, that wasn't his at all, grew up to be a fine young lady, I came on to see her, though I didn't care much for her, after all that time—and to have my revenge by telling him he'd brought up my daughter."

Here she stopped to laugh, and John patted his hands softly together, and laughed, too.

"A good joke! By George, a splendid joke!" he murmured.

"So that accounts for the will; and I'm sure

this pretty young lady ought to be much obliged to me! But there's more behind. You see, I sha'n't say a word about how Mrs. Wainwright came to die so suddenly; but this is so—that when Donna Marie, about three years ago, came to her death-bed, she was brightly troubled in her mind. She sent for me, and she gave me the keeping of a will she had made, leaving all her property to the man she had loved, and done so much mischief to—to him, and his heirs, forever, the will read; and it was all duly signed and I witnessed it; and she made me swear to come to the United States and give it to Cyril Wainwright. I did give it to him that day, but he threw it in my face, and so I picked it up again and took it away. It was a handsome fortune to leave, I can tell you, sir, looking kindly at your Garwell, with a subtle smile. A handsome fortune—fur Donna Marie's husband had died first and left her all; and Mr. Yosodo and his other daughter were dead; so that she had their portions as well as her own—altogether, I'm positive there's plantations and money worth nearly a million now, notwithstanding the state of the country. Now, I've given up that will of Donna Marie's to this young lady for the sum of twenty thousand dollars. You don't call that dear, young gentleman, do you? Consider, she never would have known about it. For the Donna Marie's relatives think there was no will made; and a dozen of them have divided up the property between them. This young lady here is the real heir. All you have to do is to extend your wedding trip to Cuba, produce the will, and take possession of your estates there."

"Nothing could be clearer!" exclaimed John Garwell, exultingly. "Myra, I trust you have that valuable document in a safe place?"

"It is locked up in the secretary where my uncle used to keep his papers. Perhaps I had better send it to our safe in the vaults of the bank, to-morrow?"

At that instant, before John could reply, that hollow, mocking, ghostly laugh floated about over their heads.

The Cuban looked up in alarm and surprise.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the haunting voice.

"What was that?" asked Olive, turning pale.

"Nothing—nothing," murmured Myra, also looking color.

"Come in the drawing-room," said John; "some of the servants are amusing themselves. Myra, you should be more strict with them—but you are young and indulgent."

But before they left the room the voice arrested them:

"Woman, thou hast lied. Of what avail are falsehoods in the awful presence of the disembodied soul? I, Cyril Wainwright, charge thee with thy lies. Ay! tremble—quake to the bottom of thy soul at the thought of the work which shall overthrow thee and thy revenge. Hidden things shall come to light. Beware, lest thou die without confession. Let the priest strive thee while there is yet time. And ye, cruel ones, who would wrong the innocent, your triumph shall be brief."

"Oh, Jesu! Oh, Mary, Mother of God!" murmured the Cuban, looking wildly about her.

"Come in here!" repeated Garwell, dragging her out of the haunted boudoir. "This is all nonsense, nonsense, and I don't want to be the author of it. I'd take it out of his hide. Don't mind it, Olive! It is only a joke!"

But he was a little shaken himself; and the woman would not remain a moment longer in the house, but went away, crossing herself and muttering.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### WAS IT LOVE?

A GREAT dread, in those days, was ever present in Ethel's mind, and that dread was that her mother might take a fancy to make her a postulant—perhaps claim from her the duties and service of a daughter.

In view of such a possibility, her present life appeared to be a heaven of calm security. She was not unhappy—aid from this horrible fear which often paled her cheeks.

Mr. Wainwright always had been fondly proud of Ethel's mental superiority to many girls in her circle. Petted, flattered, beautiful, it would hardly have been strange if she had given herself up to the study of letters; but she had never been so with Ethel. She had resources in her own mind which made her independent of the crowd of friends and lovers who fluttered about her.

Now, in the days of her adversity, she used these resources not only to earn money to pay for her humble living, but as a pleasant way of spending the days no longer besieged by throngs of idle flatterers. Her health was splendid. Just to walk abroad in the fresh morning air was a delight, she was in a way in which elastic step and sparkling eyes—put away her simple hat, trimmed with a wreath of daisies manufactured by her skillful fingers—and sit down to her lovely flower-painting, or that almost as exquisite needle-pointing in which she excelled, and for which she had an extraordinary talent.

One of these pieces of embroidery she intended to have exhibited as a work of art at the May exhibition at the Academy. It represented the "blessed damozel" of Rossetti's poetry, leaning from heaven, and so delicately were her silken tresses and her golden wings and the sign—made by herself—that it was truly a picture.

She no longer veiled in secret her baseness of John Garwell; in place of tears came a song of gladness because she had escaped a life with Ethel! he wondered now how she could have been so deceived, and shuddered over the idea that she might have opened her eyes too late.

Ethel turned from men, now; she did not look forward to marriage, but calmly planned to fill her days with work, with study, with her tastes and abilities. To be able to hire a good painter for her room, and to buy all the new books and magazines she wanted, was the present high of her ambition. Her room in that small cottage was somewhat bare and low; but she had a little, and she was content with it.

One day, as she was sitting at her desk, week, as she could spare the time, she decorated the chamber with her own drawings. The company of her old-time nursery-governess at meals was formal and meager, but not coarse; the two children were nice little creatures who looked up to her as to a queen, and she was a good and wonderful; and this was nearly all the society she had. One or two of her old mates she allowed to visit her. Sometimes Mr. Dobell dropped in for an hour. Not an exciting life by any means.

Mr. Evelyn was again in Cuba on her affairs. The only tolerably regular caller she had was the young cadet, Bertram Leigh.

And how he came to be a frequent caller she hardly understood. Mr. Evelyn had told her about this young fellow, selected her tastes and abilities. To be able to hire a good painter for her room, and to buy all the new books and magazines she wanted, was the present high of her ambition. Her room in that small cottage was somewhat bare and low; but she had a little, and she was content with it.

Did the young lawyer not reflect that it might be a good idea to make his own case to do this? Whether he did or not he made no excuses, but brought Bertram to see her the evening before he himself sailed.

And the cadet had been charmed by the beautiful girl, so noble and so cheerful in her new sphere. He came often and often, so that the children learned to peep out of their mother's sitting-room and speak to him when they heard his peculiar ring. Their grave mother, too, began to smile, and have thoughts to herself about the frequency of his visits, and to hope, for Miss Ethel's sake, that her suspicions would prove correct.

As for Ethel, if the gallant young gentleman admired her, she returned the admiration without reserve.

Bertram's visits were like bursts of sunshine upon the gray gloominess of her days. He was gay; he was witty, or at least, full of fun;

he was extremely handsome; he was interesting, inasmuch as he was a youth without name or family; he had engaging manners; was full of chivalry, spirit and ambition.

His bright face and sunny hair ornamented Ethel's "daisies" as none other of her pictures did. She fell into the habit of looking for him. If he did not come for two or three days, she missed him more than she would like to confess.

Evelyn, soberly and faithfully working in her cause, would have felt a pang strike to his heart like a knife, could he have looked through space and beheld the two together, so gay, so confidential.

"I'm getting to be immensely fond of you, Miss Ethel," the cadet declared to her once, after a month's acquaintance.

"How can you say that?" she cried, merrily. "Remember what the news is about Coralie!"

"Ay! The dove-colored ladies did not want me to get hold of that—did they?" and he laughed merrily. "How did you happen to hear about the letter, Miss Ethel?"

"Oh, a little bird told me!"

"Thanks to the little bird, then! Only two weeks more to the fifteenth of April! What a witch Coralie is, isn't she? You are better than she, in many respects—you have more—dignity."

"Do I lieutenant me yet awhile, please! But I dare say you know I'm bound to be an admiral, some day."

"Certainly! I shall be disappointed if you are not."

"Do you take so much interest in me, then?"

"More than I have ever taken in any young gentleman before!"

"I can't tell you how happy that makes me," said Bertram, bowing elaborately over her hand, which he had seized, and kissing it.

"How can you be so sure of me?" she asked, looking up at him with a smile.

"Indeed! Is the sensation pleasant?"

"First there is a murmur in your ears—you feel suffocated—and then you float about deliciously, as if you were swimming on a bed of down."

"I see you understand drowning."

"Yes—I was almost gone once. That was last summer."

"Really? How did it happen?"

"Oh, a sailor was knocked overboard; and as he was stunned by the blow, he could not save himself; so I jumped in after him. He had gone down so deep, I couldn't find him, and I stayed under the water a good while. Consequences, we both had to be fished out."

"Don't do it again, my dear cadet!"

"I won't—unless there is similar need. Let me see, this is the third of April!"

Yes, and Myra is to be married on the tenth; and the cards in that basket."

"Are you going to the wedding?"

"I may go to the church, but I shall not appear at the house."

"And on the fifteenth, my little Quakeress is coming home."

"I don't know. That will be according to how she receives me. She may prove false, who knows—"

"Trust her not, she is fooling thee! Beware, beware!"

she was even a madcap."

"That kind of a girl makes a splendid wife, Mr. Leigh."

"If I ever marry her, we shall have to elope. Her aunts don't fancy me, you know."

"Elope, then, and I will give you my blessing—seeing neither of you have parents to do it."

"Miss Ethel, I really do feel an uncommon affection for you!"

"It is returned. Who is that ringing the bell, I wonder?"

"No, an old friend, I'm going."

"No, at all. I seldom have any visitor but you."

But, presently, a light tap on the door announced that this one was for her, at least. Ethel went to the door and opened it while the

stood, cap in hand, ready to take his leave.

"Ah, Lizette, how do you do?" said Ethel, warmly, as the visitor stepped into the room.

"Who the deuce is that?" thought Bertram, as after saying good-evening, he went away with a light step.

"Must be that pretty French girl Miss Ethel told me about. She was immensely pretty, too; and how full of mischief her eyes were!"

"If I were not so dead in love with Coralie, I should almost imagine myself smitten by this Ethel!" he confessed, as he walked briskly on.

"What a sweet, lovely, glorious girl she is!"

"I should hardly know how to fool away the tedious time until the fifteenth, if she were not so friendly to me."

But his friend was glad he had taken himself off, this time. She had an engagement to go out with Lizette. It was still very early in the evening; and in that quiet part of the city the two girls were not afraid to go out together; so they soon started.

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## THE VILLAGE DEACON.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

In Church.  
He shuts the church door, slow and sure,  
And somewhat in a manner solemn,  
As if to shut all sin without,  
And up the aisle walks a column.  
He takes the corner of his pew  
Which never can be filled by proxy,  
He'd no more have a stranger there  
Than new views in his orthodoxy.  
He's had that seat for twenty years,  
And worn on several pious and cushions;  
A stranger on the other end  
Would interfere with his devotions.  
The Sunday outside of his face  
You see is most serenely frigid;  
He always sits down with "ahem,"  
A rule he sticks to very rigid.  
He always coughs and starts the tunes,  
And sings ahead for sake of leading,  
And then blows his devotional nose  
As satisfied with the proceeding.  
The parson pictures torments dire  
Far-far below his spoken people,  
And as he sees them going down,  
His amens rise up to the steeple.  
The hopeless bale of sinful man  
When he shall call on rocks to grind him  
The parson paints; the deacon groans  
And quite wakes up the man behind him.  
"But oh, the righteous shall find peace  
And dwell in valleys growing greenly!"  
He rubs the world's dust off his sleeve,  
And then he strokes his beard serenely.  
"Woe to the sinner in his ways!"  
The deacon sternly looks around him;  
The slumbers of the good are sweet,  
And soon we see that sleep has bound him.  
The closing exhortation wakes  
The deacon to take up collection;  
The business-jangling penny makes  
Sad havoc with his soul's reflection.  
He leaves the church with stately step;  
His cloak is on, and deftly covers;  
He puts his hat on in the porch  
And a few furtive glances suffers.  
The inner life hath fed on thoughts  
That make his heart of peate the winner;  
The inner man, too, must be fed,  
And so, his thoughts are fixed on dinner.

Out of Church.  
When out the deacon drives a trade  
With very rare discrimination,  
And people say he's thriving well  
All on his Christian reputation.  
"He said the groceries which he does  
Are not beyond himself in purity,  
And then, he lends unto the poor—  
At twelve per cent., and good security.  
His week-day ritual is quite strong,  
And little of the Sabbath fingers;  
His dealings with the world are warm,  
And people sometimes burn their fingers.  
And neighbors round about him say  
He'd be a model man on Monday  
If, in the morning he'd put on  
The suit of clothes he wears on Sunday.

## Post and Plain;

Rifle and Revolver in the Buffalo Range.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

VI.

AFTER THE HUNT.

"That makes jest twenty-nine head," said Old Mart, thoughtfully, as he wiped out his long rifle and surveyed the old bull. "I've seen the time, and I'm 'most 'shamed to tell it, too, Launce, when I've counted nigh on two hundred buffer in a day killed from one stand by a feller I knowed."  
"Where was that?" I asked.  
"Down in the South Buffalo Range," he answered, "close to the pan-handle of Texas, in '73. They used to go out in parties, one to shoot, two to skin and one to cook, and by gosh, sir, the poor buffer had no peace of their lives. There wasn't a water-hole but had its party camped nigh it, and not a hide nor hoof could get to that water without gettin' shot. Man, dear, the very rivers was lined with the durned skunks, keepin' the poor critters from drinkin'."  
"And what was the end of it?" I asked.  
"The end was that, in '74, in places whar ye used to see the hull country black with herds it was white with skulls and bones, and to-day they've druv 'em all off for good."  
"Then why didn't the government stop it?" I innocently demanded.  
Old Mart laughed bitterly.  
"Did ye ever know government stop a bad deed or help a good one, Launce? Not in this country! No, the buffer's goin', and in ten years more there won't be any. It's no use fur me to spare 'em. Some one else will kill 'em if we don't, so we mout as well hev some fun—hey, Launce!"  
He was interrupted by the appearance of a train of lumbering, croaking wagons coming from the direction of the fort, attended by a guard of soldiers.  
"Reckon they'll have plenty of fresh meat to last till nigh Christmas," said Mart, as he eyed the wagons. They won't waste much of those caridges, Launce. They're about as sweet and clear, here we heard a bugle-note, sweet and clear, in the south-west.  
"That's the boys," explained Mart. "They had a tooter along with them. Thar lookin' for camp. Out off your own tails, Launce, so nobody else kin claim 'em, for greenies at a buffer-hunt is the meanest cusses to steal I ever seen."  
As he spoke a second bugle sounded from the head of the coming wagon-train, and I reflected that if I wanted to secure my trophies I had better do so. Mart lent me his big butcher-knife, and I quickly accomplished my task, coming out richer by five buffalo-tails than when I left the fort in the morning. I confess, however, that I felt prouder of the old bull that had cost me such a severe chase than of any of the rest. I had killed him like a sportsman kills, while I felt that the butcher-knife was most fit for the others.  
Old Mart went round to the carcasses and had his bunch of five tails dangling by the tufts as the wagon-train came up.  
"Let them carry the traps home, Launce," he said, dryly, as he took up his gun to move away. "Sojers is paid to do that kind of work. Me and you don't do it."  
The old man had all the mixture of dislike and contempt felt by the average American mechanic for the common soldier, and yet it seemed to me that there was no occasion for the feeling. The men who came up were civil-spoken, intelligent-looking fellows enough, and when I pointed out the trail of my horse coming from where I had left my own dead buffalo, the sergeant told me that he could see it fairly.  
"Now, then, for the fort," cried Mart, and we set off for our walk over the frozen plain, following the back trail of the wagons.  
Very soon we had topped one of the many impervious swells, and the wagons vanished from sight, when we again found ourselves apparently alone on the plain.  
Not quite alone, however, as Mart soon pointed out. I saw something flit over the top of a swell in the neighborhood, and asked what it was. It was gone before I could see it fairly.  
"Reckon a wolf," answered Mart, gruffly. "Thar's lots on 'em sneakin' round now. They smells the offal. The boys 'll be fur runnin' 'em to-morrow, I reckon. Prime sport, Launce."  
"What's prime sport?" I demanded.  
"Why, runnin' wolves, in course! They does it at all the posts now, to keep themselves awake."  
As he spoke, I saw a dark crack in the plain ahead of us, one of the numerous ravines that seam the landscape in the West.  
"Bet thar's a dozen wolves in thar, waitin'," averred Old Mart, grinning.  
We passed quietly on till we came to the ra-

vine, a seam about six feet deep at the head, but getting deeper as it advanced. Sure enough, there was a grand scurrying down below, and we saw the wolves running away like so many ewes.

Old Mart pitched his rifle to his shoulder, and sent a bullet flying after them, which elicited a shrill yell but no dead wolf.  
"Durn the brutes," he said, shaking his fist at them. "They've stole too many of my brother-in-law's sheep for me to let 'em go. I hates every hide and hair of 'em."  
It was the first time I had ever heard Old Mart Sykes mention himself or his belongings in any way, and I inquired:

"Where does your brother-in-law live, Mart?"  
"He's a sheep-farmer down Kansas way, and I spent one season with him, 'bout four years ago. Thar's how I cum to know 'bout the plains. The cussed wolves would plague them sheep nigh to death—the varmints!—and we used to set up nights watchin' fur 'em, till I tho't my ha'r would turn gray. I 'lowed to love Mirandy Jane better'n any o' my brothers 'n sisters, but I couldn't stand it forever, and as fur Lige—that's my brother-in-law, 'Lijah Horton he was—as fur Lige, he was a-growin' porer all the time. Howsunder, we fixed 'em at last."

"How did you do it, Mart?"  
"We made a bee of all the neighbors and a grand surround, and we counted nigh on twelve thousand wolves' heads that year, in Simmons county, alone. I tell you wolves was thick thar."

"I should say so, Mart."  
"But that wasn't nothin' to the time when they began to pay bounties for wolf-scalps. They bust the treasury of Kansas and hed to suspend payment. There was seven million scalps brought in, one week."  
The old hunter turned and looked me solemnly in the face as he told this tremendous lie, and he never blinked.

"And how much did they pay for each scalp, Mart?"

"Two dollars and a half," said Mr. Sykes, promptly.  
"Then that was seventeen and a half million dollars paid out in one week for wolves?"

"Jest the ticket, Launce! It's a fine thing to be edicated—ain't it?"  
"No wonder the treasury was bankrupt," was my only comment on the story, and I plodded on in silence.  
The old man watched me furtively for a moment, and then said, in the same grave tone:

"But, the State didn't lose any money, arter all."

"Ah! how was that?" I asked, with an appearance of great interest, to see how the old fellow would answer.

"Well, ye see, all the wolf-hunters bein' flush of money, got on a bust—"

"Hold on, Mart. How many were there to share the money?"

"Wall, reckon 'bout a hundred."

"And each of them had a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars?"

"No, no, protested Mart, soberly. "I wouldn't tell a lie to ye, Launce. They didn't hev more'n 'bout a hundred apiece."

"Then they only killed twenty-five hundred wolves, Mart."

The old hunter scratched his head with a comical look.

"Do you make it that, Launce?" he demanded.

"Certainly. Hundred men at a hundred dollars, ten thousand. Wolves, two dollars and a half apiece makes twenty-five hundred wolves."

"Reckon you're right," admitted Mart, coolly; "but I allers makes it out seven million. Howsunder, every man o' 'em got on a bust and it all went back to the State, for the gov'nor was interested in the best barrooms in Topeka, whar they paid the money. Thar's old Nap, at last, I s'wore!"

He broke off to point at the fort, which lay right in front of us by the banks of the broad Missouri.

The lately turbid and rushing river lay white and silent before us, locked up for the winter. The frosty night had consolidated the floating ice, and the old ferry-boat had been hauled up the bank, while the rope no longer sagged in the water.

"I won't be safe to cross till to-morrow," remarked Mart, as he looked at the river. "Arter that the sleighs will be runnin' all the time. Hark! hyar's the boys back."

I became aware of a great crackling and tramping on the snow at some distance behind us, and we heard a cheery shout.

We looked back. The mounted buffalo-hunters were coming gayly toward the fort, headed by the Indian scouts, yelling and galloping to and fro, as they waved their trophies in the air. At the head of all was little Charley Green, flourishing a buffalo tail, and to all appearance frantic with joy. He came dashing up at full speed and screamed out:

"Hooray, Launce! I've fixed him. I've killed a bust!"

Charley was so proud of his feat that I had no heart to mortify him, and so I listened attentively to his story of how he had picked out the bull all by himself and followed it till it dropped, firing twelve shots before he killed his game.

"How many did you kill, Launce?"

I showed him the bunch of tails.

"Five?"

Charley stared and his face fell. Then he turned.

"How many for you, Mart?"

"Twenty-five, 'twixt me and Jack Moore," said the hunter, soberly. "We mout hev hed forty, ef we'd waited."

Charley whistled as he surveyed the great bunch of tails Mart showed him.

"Why, thar's more than one whole party have got," he cried. "We had eleven hunters and only killed seventeen buffaloes."

"I told ye we'd beat ye," grinned old Mart. "Rumblin' buffalo's good for sport, but a stand hunt's the thing for meat. How many did Cap Bullard kill?"  
"He'll tell you himself," replied Charley, somewhat taken down in his enthusiasm by that count of tails.  
(To be continued—commenced in No. 413.)

## TIME'S MOODS.

BY ANNIE WITTON.

Oh, there are times when Heaven's sweet power Asserts o'er us its holy sway;  
And at such moments—such an hour,  
We can do naught but kneel and pray.  
Love grasps the helm and turns our track  
As sweetly as a mother fond  
Would lead her babe, till every chord  
Within our erring hearts respond.

Oh, there are times when earth assumes  
The aspect God would have it wear  
To human sight; and Heaven illumines  
The spirit's dream of mansions fair.  
Our tenured natures loose their hold  
As Heaven seems nearer and more near,  
Our freighted bosoms grow more bold  
Till trust has murdered every fear.

Oh, there are times we would not touch  
A single fly to give it pain;  
And then, again, the orphan's tear  
Would not avail, but plead in vain.  
For man is such a strange compound  
Of good and ill, alas! one day  
The summer sunshine lights his soul,  
The next, cold winter holds him sway.

## The Silent Witness.

BY C. D. CLARK.

It was a dark spot in the midst of the silent wood, a spot designed by nature for the plotting of a dark deed or its accomplishment. At the roots of a gnarled and knotted old tree two men stood in close conference. In this dark spot they deemed themselves entirely safe from eavesdroppers, and yet at times they started and looked about them, as if their plot were so hideous that the birds might whisper it.

One of the two was a ruffian, ready for any deed, no matter how base or cruel it might be—a dark-visaged, iron-jawed scoundrel, with a small, savage eye and a hang-dog air in keeping with his general appearance—a villain, and a villain whom the world had not used well.

His companion seemed out of place with such a man—a tall, handsome person, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and having all the easy grace of a man of the world, yet there was a



"We are safe here," said this man, laying his hand upon the broad breast of his companion.

nameless something in his manner which spoke of some evil known to him, perhaps some evil shared with him.

"We are safe here, Bill," said this man, laying his hand upon the broad breast of his ruffian companion. "There is no danger of our being overheard."

"No," growled the villain. "There ain't no one nigh as I knows o' it. They don't like to hanker round Bill Bruff's ranch too much, specially if they are spies. I don't vally a man's life a pin's worth if he stands in my way."

"And what would you do if there was money in it, Bill?" demanded the other, in a hissing whisper.

"I like money, Master Harry," answered Bruff. "You know that—none so well as you, for you've used me afore now on the strength of it. Why the deuce don't you speak out? If there's work to do I'm the man to do it, if you make the pay enough."

"I thought I knew you, Bill. Listen, then; there is a man in my way, Bill—a man I hate. I hate the devil—a man I'd give a thousand dollars to see lying dead at my feet."

"Then why don't you lay him there? You used to be game enough."  
"I can't show in it, Bill. If it were a man I could insult and then call out and shoot like a dog it would be all right. But I can't do it, Bill, and when you know the name you'll understand it. Bend closer."

Bill Bruff stooped, and the man whispered in his ear. Villain, hardened to the heart's core, yet Bruff started back with a cry of surprise.  
"Hum! I didn't think it was in any man's heart to turn against one with the same blood in his veins. But it don't matter to me, I s'pose."

"You, at least, have no cause to love him," said Bruff. "You know that when you came for me, didn't you, Master Harry? Well, so be it, then; name your price and I'll say yes or no to it."

"You shall have a thousand dollars; as I said."

"Enough; I'll do it. I've done as bad for half the money, and yet when I think how much he's done for you—"

"How much! When he is rolling in money, and does it out to me as if it were charity! But it isn't that so much; there's something more than money in it."

"What's that?" demanded Bill, drawing a pistol, and leaping into the bushes like a panther, while his companion drew back into the shadow of the tree with a low cry. He heard Bill Bruff beating to and fro through the bushes, but at last he came back to him.

"I'd have sworn I saw the bushes move," declared Bill, "but I reckon it was the wind. Where will he be to-night?"

He rides from the Edgeworth plantation through Wolf Gap after nightfall. That's your time and place."

"I'll be there," replied the man, with a dark look, "and my hand has forgotten its cunning if he lives to trouble you after that. I carry the mark of his whip upon my face yet, and I'll have his name I can feel it burn and throb. I'd have done it for half the money."

"Then, good-day to you; and when all is over, and the king has his own again, come to me and I'll double the money. By the way, where's Alice?"  
"No matter. She's a good girl, is my Alice; too good for such a father. And let me tell you, once for all, that the man that does her wrong, I don't care who he is, I'll kill him like a dog."

The tempter gave him an uneasy look and turned away, while Bill stood looking after him with a moody face.  
"If I thought the dog had it in his heart to harm Alice," muttered the hardy villain, "I'd cut his throat before he was out of these woods. But, pshaw! he means well enough."

He turned on his heel and made his way through a narrow tangled path to an opening in the woods, in which stood a rude log cabin. Yet, in spite of its dismal situation, some attempt had been made to render it attractive. The open space in front was laid out as a garden, and in the little beds bloomed many flowers which had been tended with patient care; and as Bill came brushing through the underbrush a slight girl, with the face of an angel and eyes of heaven's own azure, sprung suddenly out of the open door and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, father!" she cried. "You will not do it; I know you will not. If Harry Eaton hates his brother, if he plots against him because their father loved Alfred best and would not trust a dissipated gambler—"

"Death, girl!" he cried. "what do you mean? You are raving, mad. What have you heard? what do you know? There, there, Alice; get supper, and say no more, for you do not know what you are talking about."

"Father," continued the girl, lifting her earnest eyes to his, "I have heard you say before now that you loved me. When I have heard men speak hard of you, I have defended you. But, what I heard Harry Eaton say—"

Bill Bruff caught her by the arm, dragged her into the cabin, and pushed her into a seat.

"Let me hear no more of your ravings, my girl," he said, in a snarly tone. "I have always loved you, and I'd lay down my life for you any day, but I'll not bear your insults."

"It is because Norah Edgeworth loves Alfred best that he seeks his life."

"Norah Edgeworth has taught you to hate your father and to insult him to his face," cried Bruff. "You have spied upon me, and now take the consequences."

He dragged her into a small room at the back of the house, hurled her in angrily, and closed and locked the door. Then, hurrying out, he brought a horse from a low shed behind the house, flung himself into the saddle, and rode furiously away.

It was a time and in a section of Kentucky in which the law had little force. Men did des-

per, only to find a lodgment in the bosom of the girl.

"Father, you have killed me!" cried the girl. "You have killed your Alice."  
The man gave a terrible cry, like that of a wild beast brought to bay, and springing forward, regardless of all else, he caught the wounded girl in his arms. But she was dying; the coral lips were fast taking on the ashy hue of death.

"I forgive you," she gasped. "You did not mean the shot for me, and I have saved Alfred's life. Lift me gently, father. I am going to my mother."

A fluttering sigh, and the spirit of the lovely girl had fled forever.

Bill Bruff laid her gently down, and catching up his revolver, he turned suddenly upon Harry Eaton.

"You found?" he cried. "You brought this upon me?"

Both fired together. Harry threw up his arms and fell from the saddle, dead before he touched the ground. Bill Bruff stood like a statue, his hand still extended, and then sunk slowly down. By this time Alfred was on his feet, and a weapon in his hand.

"Don't shoot," said Bill, faintly. "I've got my ticket—that man hired me to kill you, but she heard me plotting and came to save you. She was the only thing I loved on earth, and now she's gone! I'm glad I'm booked through. One thing you may say, Bill Bruff died game."

A shudder passed through his frame and he was dead. Alfred turned to look at his brother, and saw him lying dead, with the look of malicious hatred frozen on his face.

There was no mourning for Harry Eaton and Bill Bruff, but when Alice was laid to rest they knew that no purer spirit ever passed through the Beautiful Gates.

## Ripples.

The average female dresses for her lover or her husband, the girl for her rivals; but only the true woman for herself.

STONEWALL JACKSON held that three kinds of courage prevail among soldiers in battle, based respectively on insensibility, pride, duty.

"FLOUR," says a Chicago exchange, "has declined one dollar." It requires a good deal of moral courage to decline a dollar in these times.

A DRUNKEN legislator said that he was a self-made man. "That fact," said Mr. Greeley, "relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

The German woman is covered, the Englishwoman clothed, the Frenchwoman dressed; fashions are created in Paris, copied in France, and run into the ground abroad.

A boy who borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it after he got through, with the remark, "It was very good for making, but it somehow changed the subject very often."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS discovered America, and now is in turn discovered. His skeleton was found the other day and the first thing done was to photograph his remains. To judge from the photograph, Christopher was a handsome man.

At twenty you know everything; at thirty you have your doubts; at forty there are some things you don't know; at fifty you are only sure of your ignorance, and after that you read Mr. Beecher's sermon on everlasting punishment and hope he is right.

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